THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 45, N°. 10, for October, 1814.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. Portrait of LOUIS XVIII, KING of FRANCE and NAVARRE.
2. View of the PRESIDENT'S HOUSE at WASHINGTON.
3. Fashionable COSTUMÈ for November.
4. PATTERN for a VEIL.

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Ever anxious to gratify our fair Readers, we this month give an extra plate, and an addition to our usual quantity of letter-press; both descriptive of Washington, a place rendered peculiarly interesting by the recent exploit of our gallant countrymen, under the command of the lamented General Ross.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Leander must excuse us if we cannot accompany him on his poetic Tour to Hertford Street, Fitzroy Square.

Mr. Lacey on *Gaming*, and Mr. Webb on *Economy*, in our next.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

For OCTOBER, 1814.

Memoir *of* Louis *the* 18*th, King of France and Navarre.*

(With a Portrait.)

Louis Stanislaus Xavier, whose restoration to the throne of his ancestors, will form a leading feature in the history of the present era, is the second son of Lewis, Dauphin of France. The early death of the Dauphin prevented his succession to the sceptre of his father, Lewis the 15th, and it consequently devolved on the late unfortunate monarch, whom the regicides inhumanly consigned to the guillotine.

The subject of this memoir was born on the 17th of November, 1755, and soon after created Count de Provence; but, during the reign of Louis the 16th, he was, according to established custom, styled *Monsieur*, as being next brother to the King. At the time he attained manhood, the court of France was the very emporium of voluptuous luxury; but, in the midst of temptations the most alluring, he was remarkable for the strictness of his morals, and the temperance of his habits. In this he formed a striking contrast to his younger brother the Count d'Artois, who freely launched into the full stream of gaiety. So great a difference in the pursuits and inclinations of the two princes tended, at one period, to promote a shyness between them, and this was said to have been increased by matrimonial influence. They had married sisters, and ... *me* was supposed to fe...

... one. Be this as it may, the misfortunes, by which their august house was destined to be oppressed, afterwards united the family in one common interest; and adversity produced a return of that cordial affection, which had been blunted in more prosperous days.

We will not enter into a detail of those sanguinary horrors, by which the French Revolution was distinguished. Suffice it that Monsieur, after having ineffectually used every effort in behalf of his worthy brother, Louis the 16th, found it necessary to save his own life by emigrating from his deluded country. Assisted by a Swedish nobleman, the Count von Fersen, he fled to Coblentz, and there, raising the royal standard, invited all true and loyal Frenchmen to rally round him. He was immediately joined by the Count d'Artois, and the other branches of the house of Bourbon, except that of Orleans, the members of which had been led into error by the unnatural defection of their head, the unprincipled *Egalité*. A considerable emigrant force was now raised by Monsieur, and vengeance vowed against the murderers of Louis; while the National Assembly, in return, denounced the Bourbons as traitors to their country, and proceeded, like frantic fiends, to the immolation of such as still remained in their power.

A cloud hangs, in some degree, over the fate of the dauphin, who, on the death of his father, became ... the 17th. This unhappy ... to have been placed ... republi-

can, named Simon, by trade a shoemaker; and it is now of little consequence in what way he fell a victim to jacobinical infamy. He died in 1795, and from that period his uncle became entitled to his present dignity; but it has since been the disastrous fate of this monarch to pass almost twenty years of exile in various countries.

Perceiving that, with such a force as he could raise, there was little or no chance of resisting the united energies of those, who had seized the helm of the French government, Louis the 18th resolved to wait for more favorable times, and, submissively bowing to the decrees of Providence, retired from the increasing storm. As he married Maria Josepha Louisa, daughter of Victor Amadeus the 3d, King of Sardinia, he naturally first repaired to that court; but he had not been long at Turin, when the success of the republican armies obliged him to seek refuge elsewhere; and accordingly he took up his abode at a villa within the jurisdiction of Venice, assuming the title of Count de Lille, under which he afterwards resided several years in this country. From the Venetian territories he was driven by the arrogant interference of General Bonaparte, who, flushed with success, demanded, in the plenitude of military power, that no shelter should be afforded to a Bourbon—a demand, which the state of Venice, however it might feel thereby insulted, was not in a situation to resist.

The King now directed his course to the north, and, in passing through Germany, again experienced a proof of the bloodthirsty rancour, by which his enemies were actuated; for having stopped to take refreshment at a small inn, some vile assassin f[illegible] him through the [illegible] ball grazed his head, without, however, doing any material injury. The perpetrator of this most atrocious act escaped without detection; but of the instigator little doubt can be entertained, especially as an attempt to have the unfortunate monarch dispatched by poison was afterwards clearly brought home to the base usurper of his throne. On the latter occasion, the infernal plot extended also to the destruction of the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, nephew and niece of his Majesty, who are, in all probability, destined to be the future King and Queen of France.

From Germany Louis proceeded to Russia, where the strange capricious Paul received him with every mark of distinction, and pledged his imperial word to support the cause of his exiled guest. A grant of revenue to a large amount was immediately made—a suitable residence fitted-up for the King's reception—and a general invitation given to the French *noblesse*, that all, who repaired to their sovereign's retreat, would be welcome, and made sharers of the liberal provision awarded by the Emperor.

To see the Bourbons in the enjoyment of any tolerable comfort was enough to rouse immediately the malice of their persecutors. Every artifice of political intrigue was resorted to for the purpose of alienating the mind of Paul, and with too much success; for that infatuated prince, after all his sacred protestations, gradually evinced a coolness towards Louis, then proceeded to deprive him of the pension, by which he had been enabled to support his faithful adherents, and lastly gave him [illegible] quit the Russian do[illegible]

paired to Poland, a former sovereign of which, viz. Stanislaus, Duke of Lorraine, was his great grandfather. It was while at Warsaw that Napoleon, after several fruitless efforts to obtain from Louis a formal abdication in favor of the Corsican dynasty, made, through the marker of a billiard-table, named Coulon, the diabolical attempt at assassination above alluded to, by means of arsenic concealed in a carrot, and to be served up in soup.

Public events, of a nature more and more hostile to the cause of Louis, now crowded on each other, and, thinking Poland no longer a secure asylum, he resolved to ask protection where the injured never yet sought it in vain. Accordingly, he repaired to England, with all those faithful subjects, who still followed the fallen fortunes of their injured master. Here he pursued his plan of living as a private gentleman, and quietly awaited the issue of the great struggle, in which Europe was involved. No consideration, however —no threat—no promise—either before he came to this country, or during his residence in it, could induce him to swerve from his claim on the French throne, which birth entitled him to; and he took various opportunities of proving this by proclamations, in unison with what he deemed the temper of the times.

After the King came hither, it was deemed prudent, on the part of our Government, not to maintain the cause of the Bourbons as a main point of the war, great censure having been cast on the minister, who once did this. In consequence, the branches of that house never appeared at court on public days; but they possessed the respect and esteem of our Royal Family, the members of which shewed them, in private life, every attention due to their rank and misfortunes.

The restoration of Louis is so recent, and the circumstances, connected with it, so well known to our fair readers, that it would be a work of supererogation to dwell upon the subject. It is enough to say that Britain had the glory of being the only country, which could offer an impregnable asylum to the King of a nation, often considered as naturally hostile to us; and that when France, awaking from her delirium, called for the worthy injured Louis, Britain had the proud satisfaction of restoring him to his repentant subjects.

He has been greeted with enthusiasm by all classes in his native country. Talleyrand, the former bosom-friend of the Corsican, is the prime minister of Louis; and the marshals, who were supposed to have been so strongly attached to Bonaparte, have been among the first to do homage at the feet of their legitimate sovereign. His Majesty has also been splendidly entertained at a *fête* given by the city of Paris. The fountains were made to run with wine—a proceeding that would not be very prudent in London, although in Paris it is described as having no bad effects. We read with pleasure of all the symptoms that the French people manifest as to joining cordially round the throne of the Bourbons, deeming theirs the cause of justice, as well as of tranquillity; but we cannot refrain from expressing our contempt for those ill-advised mummeries, which cannot without profanation be called *religious*, and to which the court is affording its patronage. These measures are unwise; for they can only gain the support of the weak, while they must lose that of the strong.—

Persons of sense in France will be disgusted with such nonsense—the scoffers will be supplied with a theme—and the returned Royal Family will be involved in ridicule. We find that a simpleton called Dubos, Sub-Prefect of Saint Denis, has been permitted to present himself before the King, with "*two* of the *teeth* of HENRY IV.—the *whole* of his *mustachio*—and *some* of the linen which had been wrapped round his body!" To this *elegant* collection were added, "*three of the teeth* of the Marshal de TURENNE!" All this trifling should be discouraged by his Majesty, of whose personal good sense we have been assured; for the time is past when men were to be caught with such devices.

At the presentation of colors to the National Guard, in the *Champ-de-Mars*, the King thus addressed the principal officers:—

"This is a glorious day for me, gentlemen! This is a new link which I have contracted with my brave National Guard! What ought not one to expect from the French, when they see such troops as these, which zeal alone has formed? Come the enemy when he will:—but he will not come. We reckon on nothing now but *friends*."

At these words, cries, a thousand times repeated, were heard—"Live our good King; live Monsieur; live the Royal Family; live the Bourbons!" Monsieur, as Colonel of the Guards, then addressed the King, assuring him of their fidelity and attachment.—At the close of this, every arm was raised, and an universal shout ascended from the troops—"Yes, yes, we swear to be true. Long live the King!" Upon which his Majesty was so deeply affected that he threw himself into his brother's arms with transport, and the tears of joy gushed from [illegible] eyes. The scene of enthusiam, which ensued, is stated to have been beyond description.

In person, the King of France is corpulent. His manners are easy and condescending — his features marked with dignity, but softened by an expression of the purest benevolence. In several respects he bears a strong resemblance to his unfortunate brother Louis the 16th. We are sorry to add that his health is materially impaired by frequent attacks of the gout. — His Queen, known in this country only by the appellation of Countess of Lille, died before she had the happiness of witnessing the extraordinary circumstances, which occurred in favor of her lord. Her remains were, at her death, deposited in Westminster Abbey; but are to be finally entombed in France, among those of the illustrious family, to which she belonged.

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(*Continued from page* 436.)

THE marchioness would have said more; but perceiving the marquis enter, who had been summoned to hail this welcome symptom of her recovery, the last effort of exhausted nature was exerted to attain the long desired wish of her heart. She took his extended hand, and pressed it to her lips, then raised her dying eyes, and with difficulty uttered these expressive words: "Your brother's son yet lives—Oh receive, and acknowledge him." — She ceased—her head sunk on the supporting arm of Marina, and without one sigh she instantly expired.

It was some time before Lady Macduff could be persuaded that she had breathed her last. She still clung to the body with speechless agony, and force alone tore her from the corpse.—Ormville Park, late the scene of gay festivi[illegible], became now

the desolate mansion of sorrow and mourning; while a happy insensibility deadened the poignancy of Marina's feelings.—The remains of the much regretted marchioness were consigned to their last peaceful habitation, amidst the tears and lamentations of her numerous tenants, and domestics.

By the will of the late Marquis of Ornville, the valuable estate, annexed to the title, was bequeathed (beside a considerable sum in the funds) to his daughter, solely and wholly at her disposal.

Lady Macduff's father had ever considered himself, in case of survivorship, the undoubted heir to this immense property. It had also been secured to him by will; and he attended the opening of it, in the firm persuasion of hearing his expectations fulfilled. What, therefore, was his astonishment, when he heard that this most desirable estate became, at his decease, the property of his nephew William Mervil! The wish to forget that such a person existed had been, in a most unwelcome manner, destroyed by the dying words of the marchioness. How she became possessed of the intelligence, he was at a loss to discover; but when he heard this hated nephew named as his successor to so valuable an estate, his mortification and anger surmounted even the respect, and decency, which the occasion demanded.

"William Mervil!" he repeated in a furious tone. "No such person exists. My brother left no legitimate child."

"Pardon me, my lord," said Lord Delafonte, "William Mervil not only lives, but he is the lawful son of my ever regretted uncle, Colonel Mervil."

"It is false, sir!" retorted the marquis. "I should be sorry," rejoined Lord Delafonte mildly, "to have, at any time, controversy with your lordship; more particularly at this solemn period, when the memory of her, whose loss I shall unceasingly lament, claims the respect due to her ashes; but I am myself persuaded of the legality of Captain Mervil's birth; and I am determined to support it to the utmost of my power. We will, therefore, if it be your lordship's pleasure, hear the remainder of the will."

The marquis, in sullen silence, gave assent.—The next bequests were thirty thousand pounds to Lady Macduff, twenty thousand to Lord Delafonte, and several donations to her numerous domestics.—Lord Mortimer and Lord Delafonte were appointed joint executors to the will, which was no sooner finished than the marquis declared, in very warm and violent language, that the will was a forgery.—It was never, he said, dictated by the marchioness; and though the dates demonstrated that it was written, signed, and witnessed, more than a fortnight before the marriage of Lady Macduff, he insisted that it must either have been the contrivance of some vile incendiary, who had poisoned her mind with false tales, of the existence of his brother's son—(for he was confident that his brother was never married to Miss Harrison) or the base forgery of the adherents to this upstart impostor, whose daring insolence should meet its proper chastisement in a court of law.

Lord Delafonte, however secretly enraged at these unjust and calumnious assertions, had still sufficient command over his temper, to endeavour to reason his uncle out of his groundless asseverations. He said that the evidence of Mr. Dupont, who was now in England, and had witnessed the marriage of Colonel Mervil with Miss Harrison, was more than sufficient to refute so scanda-

lous an insinuation; but there needed not, he added, the testimony of this respectable character to prove the validity of a marriage, which nothing but the dictates of the most implacable malice could instigate any one to dispute. The will was just; and whoever chose, by litigation, to avow the contrary, in him should find an opponent ready, with his life and fortune, to testify, and support its authenticity, before any public tribunal whatever!

The marquis was transported with rage—the altercation became more and more violent. Lord Mortimer endeavoured to mediate between them; but as the passion of the marquis increased, his language becoming more pointedly severe, and provoking, Lord Delafonte's patience and moderation lessened. It was nearly exhausted, and he was begining to retort with equal severity, when the door burst open, and Caroline Manby, pale and almost breathless, flew to the marquis, and grasping his arm, with an agony more expressive than words, besought him (in accents scarcely intelligible) to fly to his daughter, for she was expiring!—The marquis waited not for a repetition of these alarming words; but instantly quitted the room; while Lord Delafonte, attended by Lord Mortimer, immediately left the house, and returned to Hargrave Place.

Lord Delafonte's heart, ever alive to the feelings of humanity, felt its bitterness towards his uncle yield to those emotions of pity, which his present situation (in a generous breast) could not fail to excite.—On the point of losing a beloved daughter, whose peace he had destroyed, to secure the projected schemes of ambition, or avarice; and whose death, it was probable, had been hastened, if not occasioned, by her passive obedience to his cruelly compulsive authority, must, he was convinced, in a heart not wholly callous to the common feeling of nature, create a pang sufficiently severe; for surely, if there be a pang of peculiar bitterness, it is that which self-condemnation inflicts.

Lady Marina Macduff had inspired Lord Delafonte with the most perfect esteem for her character. He saw her divested of that frivolity, which is the characteristic of weak and puerile minds. Her conversation, rational, easy, affable, and obliging, rendered her at once an engaging campanion, and an endearing friend. There was a melody in her voice—a bewitching sorcery—which (to use the words of Bellarmine) could for a while charm even pain away; while every sentiment she uttered, marked the untainted purity of the fountain whence it flowed. Her beauty was her least attraction, for the chaste propriety, which governed all her actions, the solidity of her understanding, the unassuming softness of her manners, and the incorruptible excellence of her heart, were charms, which would be equally the object of esteem, and admiration, when the winter of age succeeded the gay summer of youth.—Lord Delafonte had condemned her tame submission to the arbitrary will of her father; but her subsequent sufferings had so perfectly reinstated her in his good opinion, that he felt the keenest sensations of regret at the idea of her approaching dissolution. He had left a servant at the Park with strict orders to let him know the event of her relapse; and he now sat down to write to Captain Mervil, overpowered with the afflicting intelligence he had to communicate.

We must for a while leave him to

his melancholy employment, and pursue Mr. Tudway to the city of Dublin.

When he reached the Lodge gate, the information, he had received from his talkative conductor, was confirmed by Mr. Steptoe himself, who was relating it, with an important air, to John and Mary.

"How incomprehensible is woman!" said Tudway, as he turned his horse to pursue his road to Strawberry Hall. "We were surely born to be the sport of this capricious sex, who have neither stability sufficient to act for themselves, nor judgment enough to choose a proper guide to conduct them.—Cursed avarice!—Had she made choice of a fellow, who possessed any one good quality to recommend him, I could have forgiven her—but to sell herself to such a cursed rascal! D—n her! I will never love another woman while I breathe!"—Such was Tudway's mental soliloquy; and his resolution supported him till he reached Strawberry Hall, where he found some difficulty in reconciling his father to his taking so sudden a trip to Ireland.

"Going post over head and heels after another Miss Marina, I suppose!" said the old gentleman. A rolling stone gathers no moss, as the saying is; and if I had galloped over the country as you do, son George, why, I mought have lived in Milk-street all the days of my life. Lookee son, you are your own master—I hate forcemeat, as the saying is—and you may go to Ireland, or the Ingees if you likes of it; but mythinks Strawberry Hall is a snug habitation — a comfortable home—and home's home if it's ever so homely—and though of late you dont seem to think so, take my word for it, George—if thee hadst none—your grim crack gentry would not be so fond of your company.—However, as I said before—go—and if you can find another Miss Marina in the mind, why bring her home to Strawberry Hall. Here is something to pay the reckoning. Never have any scores, my boy—I had rather see thee honest than rich?"

Old Tudway's generosity distressed the feelings of his son more than a thousand expostulations.

"Upon my soul, sir, I cannot take it.—You are too good. When I return from Ireland, I will endeavour to convince you that I think Strawberry Hall the first place in the world! This I can say, that while it contains you, and my mother, it will ever be dear to me. Mrs. Tudway wept, he tenderly embraced her, and shaking his father by the hand, again mounted his horse, and was soon with a fair wind, conveyed to Dublin; where, after some inquiry, he was directed to the lodgings of Captain Mervil.

When Tudway entered the apartment, where Mervil was sitting reading a large packet of letters, which he had that moment received his whole appearance was so calculated to express mortification, and disappointment, that, after exchanging a cordial shake of the hand, Mervil asked him what melancholy accident had brought him to Ireland.

"Why, faith, Mervil," replied Tudway, "I am come to Ireland, merely to glean consolation, from the capacious field of thy philosophy. It is devilish hard to be obliged to quit one's own country, in search of a commodity, which ought to be the spontaneous growth of every soil; but I verily believe, (such is the happy effect of thy philosophical reasoning) that, in any case of emergency, I should, without hesitation, travel to the Antipodes to solicit a dose. And now give me a potion as bitter as thou wilt. Even though it should

be seasoned with the salt of acrimony, I will swallow it; for my case is desperate and the remedy must be violent. In a word, Marina is going to be married." "Married!" echoed Mervil, "it is impossible!" "It is true, by G—d," continued Tudway—"married too, at her own particular desire, to that infernal dog Macduff. Yes—this divinity, this more than woman, whose image my fancy had idolized, and decorated with every perfection of virtue, has meanly sued her father to unite her to this monster, this wretch, who ought to be swept from the face of the earth. Many a poor devil, who swings at the gallows, possesses more intrinsic merit, than this diabolical Scotchman. The catalogue of his seductions would swell a volume. His iniquitous practices at the gaming table deserve a halter. Honor has been found even among thieves; but this devil has none. A sycophantic dog! He would kiss the dust on your feet, crouch to be trampled upon. D—n him, I have not patience to talk of him."

"You have not indeed," answered Mervil, "and with your patience you have lost your reason. I have this moment received letters, which are a direct contradiction to the idle story, you have just related. They contain an account of Miss Cavendish's unexpected elevation. They mention also her generous intercession in our favor. Lord Delafonte has visited my mother, and he invites me to England, for the purpose of being restored to my family. He flatters me with the hope of the marquis being reconciled. It is the chimerical project of a benevolent mind; but he knows not the heart that he addresses with these delusive schemes.—Oh Tudway, the legacy of my grandfather has been for sixteen years, my constant companion. Can I forget it was sent by the man, who, as he would persuade me, will (nay must) be reconciled. Mistaken Delafonte! The spirit, which dictated that cruel letter to my injured father, still rankles in his breast. He has done justice to the mother of Marina; but I shall never be persuaded that he has done it without some interested design. If Marina be married, she is sacrificed; and although I have sometimes been illiberal enough to suppose that his daughter must inherit a portion of his bad qualities, I would not be so unjust to the virtues of Marina, as to suspect, for a moment, that inclination had any sway in her choice of Macduff. Depend upon it, Tudway, it is an idle fabricated tale!— Tudway related from what quarter he received his information.

(*To be continued.*)

Insanity.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

Sir

That any pesons should be found capable of using unnecessary cruelty towards the insane, is truly astonishing, and must argue much depravity of heart, and a total forgetfulness that such a state of destroyed reason, may one day or other befal themselves; yet to prove that it is so sometimes, many instances might be brought. Is not the state of a poor being wretched enough but that it must be encreased to a degree of torture, because the captiousness of an attendant will not bear with his fantastic whims, though well paid for doing so? Doubtless in many cases, a degree of correction is absolutely required, if it be only to keep the sufferer from personal injury, but in the name of humanity, aggravate it not!

"When sov'reign reason from her throne
is hurl'd;
And with her all the subject senses whirl'd,
From sweet humanity, the nurse of grief,

E'en thy deep woes, oh! phrenzy! find relief
For though the tresses loose, and bosom bare,
And maniac glance thy hapless state declare,
With gentle hand she still supports thy head,
Beguiles thy wand'ring wit, and smooths thy bed;
Assists thy roving fancy in its flight,
To crown thy airy sallies with delight;
An healing balm to thy warp'd sense she brings,
Till from her softness magic comfort springs:
And joys which reason with a frown denies,
Her tender pity with a smile supplies."

PRATT.

Perhaps, in the above quotation, humanity is made to be almost too kind, for it would be a question with many of the most humane persons, whether to "assist the roving fancy in its flight" might not, by fostering the fancies produced by the disorder, do the maniac more harm than good; however, it is an error sweet to the heart of the good man, and creditable to the fancy of Mr. Pratt.

Madness has so many shades that any thing like an attempt to describe it would be vain, and not only so, but it would be a description that must "harrow up the soul." Yet there is frequently in madness so much quaintness and oddity; so much droll whim, that the very best meaning person would be entrapped into a laugh by it, though his heart should ache for having done so immediately afterwards. The insanity produced in females by disappointed love, has been a theme for some of our best poets, and a theme it is full of pathos. All who have written on this subject have treated it in the proper way, and have taught the tear of pity for a wretched sister, to bedim the eye of beauty. One of the last portraits of this kind is in Scott's lady of the lake, poor Blanche of Devon,

"A craz'd and captive lowland maid."

The man who could read the whole of this episode and not feel his heart affected, must have one of steel or adamant; and the woman who could contemplate poor Blanche's fate without a tear, could never be worthy of one herself. The noble conduct of Fitz-James towards the maniac endears his character to the reader much, though it is true that to her he in some measure owes his safety, for by her wild song she warns him of the ambush that the crafty Murdock was leading him into; and this piece of advice costs the poor lunatic her life, for the designing Murdock at the moment of his flight draws his bow,

"The shaft just graz'd Fitz-James's crest
And thrill'd in Blanche's faded breast!"

Her dying moments are partially tinged with reason and she acquaints him with her wrongs and the perpetration of them, giving him a tress of her bridegroom's hair as a favor to be worn in his helmet. This is a beautiful little touch and highly affecting; while Fitz-James's determination to wear no other till he shall have avenged her wrongs, is a piece of most noble kindness; and he exclaims

"By him whose word is truth! I swear
No other favor will I wear,
Till this sad token I embrue
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!"

It has been said that insanity is the curse of England. If such be the fact, do not let us give our enemies an opportunity of adding to the observation that we are cruel to those of our brethren, who are deprived of the only possession which can make life desirable, health of mind!

I am &c. J. M. LACEY.

On the DEFERENCE *paid to* APPEARANCE.

THE most ignorant among us, and the very wisest, are but too frequent-

ly made the dupes of a fair outside; or, as it is more generally called, appearance. I was led to make a few remarks on this subject, from a very trivial circumstance, but which completely went to show the prevalence of this feeling. I went to a shop, where I was a total stranger, to make a trifling purchase amounting to no more than sixpence, of an article which happened to be rather scarce, with which I was served immediately, and had it given me nicely tied up in paper, with a bow and thanks. At the same time a poor looking man, with an apron on, came in and asked for the very same thing; he had a surly answer, that they were not sure they had any, but would see. The man hoped they would let him have some, as he always bought what he wanted at that shop. I left the shop at this juncture, fully convinced that my coat alone had occasioned the difference of treatment; for surely sixpence, taken from the man in the apron, would have been equally serviceable to the shopkeeper, and for it he ought to have been equally thankful. Thus it is in matters of more consequence, that people are so continually deceived; even the swindler and pickpocket think it necessary to assume the garb of gentleman, the better to carry on their depredations. How many a female has had cause to regret, to the latest moment of her life, that she has been duped by the fair outside of some ruffian, who, with love on his lips, and gentility in his appearance, had made himself agreeable to her! How many a credulous man has lent his money, never to be returned; duped by the gay equipage of the borrower; perhaps a man of title, which throws an additional dazzle around him, and leads his victim with greater ease into his toils. How many a tradesman mournfully looks over his day-book, and ledger, scanning sum after sum, of which he can never recover a farthing, for goods trusted to the designing man of fair appearance! In short, it is truly wonderful to what an extent this sort of feeling is carried; for it need not follow—nor does it—that all who are deceived by appearances are absolutely sufferers by it, at least in any essential way; we feel a sort of envy which is certainly a degree of suffering, but not equal to positive loss. One man envies another his gay apparel, not knowing, perhaps not even thinking, that the tailor was never paid for it. Another envies the gaudy coach, the gay liveries, and all the splendour of some great person; nay, will very likely go home and feel a disgust at all his own plain and simple, but real comforts. Did he know how very many of those, who thus dazzle the eyes of every passenger in our streets, are the possessors of aching hearts; are deeply in debt to many of those very passengers, who are perhaps obliged to hurry out of the way of their carriages, glad to think they have escaped with whole bones, although covered with mud;—did he know all this,—could he, by any possibility, learn the paltry shifts and contrivances they are often driven to; he would go back to his house, with a relish for every thing there, increased tenfold by the very knowledge he had gained; and very nearly cured of his passion for appearances. It used, years back, to be no uncommon thing to envy a king for his high station, and nearly absolute power; and the country lad made himself celebrated who said, that if he was king of England, he would do nothing but eat fat bacon, and swing upon a gate all day. This boy could not imagine a greater degree of felicity than to spend his life

in such a way; and so all those, who used to be in the habit of envying monarchs, pictured to themselves how they should best like to spend their lives, deeming it, of course, quite impossible that a regal crown could be invested with the thorns of care. But, alas! the last twenty years—a period big with lessons of experience to all mankind—must have convinced the weakest, and most ignorant mind of the fallacy, and have shown them that kings are not only not exempt from the usual misfortunes of men, but are, in addition, subject to a vast number of others incidental to their greatness. Such thoughts as these should teach every man to be contented with his station in life, and point out to him that "all is not gold that glitters;" for we may rest assured that every lot in life has its troubles, and that in all, pleasure and pain are more nearly balanced than most people seem to imagine.

J. M. Lacey.

The Highland Hermitage.

(Continued from page 408.)

Mr. Middleton, to P. Sydney, Esq.

In Continuation.

"We arrived at Gibraltar in health and spirits. My sister was discreet in her conduct, and to secure her happiness constituted mine. In about a year after we had been in garrison, my captain lost his wife, who left him this boy, then an infant of four months old. Ellen was fond of the child, and was a good nurse to him. Albert was always with us; but though he seemed to prefer our society to any other, he did not seem happy. He grew sad and pensive. —I was alarmed—for, next to my Ellen, I loved him better than any one on earth. He always evaded my questions. Ellen, too, lost her vivacity, and the roses faded on her cheeks. I never was a man of gallantry. I had neither time nor inclination for it. The whole garrison might have been in love, and I know nothing of the matter.—Poor Albert at last owned to me that he loved my sister, that he long had endeavoured to prevail on her to listen to him, but though she had repeatedly told him that, next to her brother, she respected and esteemed him above any of his sex, yet she could not listen to him on the subject of love. "I do not understand much about these matters, Albert," cried I. "Surely, my dear friend, you might do better. You have no fortune, and you have a boy to provide for. Why not fall in love with a woman that has money? This poor girl you know has not a shilling."—"Why not fall in love with a woman that has money!" answered he with a smile; "it is true it would have been as well if it had been so; but with the sentiments I at present feel for Ellen, I would not marry any other woman, could she make me master of millions. My late wife had no fortune, yet we lived very happily together, and so I trust should Ellen and I, could she love me. As for my boy, he must do as his father has done, fight his country's battles, and they will pay him for it."—"I will talk to Ellen, Albert."—"Do so, my dear Bruce, but not in favor of me; Ellen is not happy. Find out the cause, and let us both endeavour to remove it. Believe me, I love your sister better than myself."—"I repeated this conversation to Ellen, and told her I thought there was not a man in the world so worthy of her as Albert. Ellen answered me only with her tears. It was a kind of rhetoric I never could withstand—I never could reason with a woman's tears. I was therefore but a bad advocate for a cause I wished to espouse. I per-

ceive, Ellen, said I, that you are not happy. Has your brother lost your confidence?" She wrung my hand, and gave me a look, which proclaimed that she would tell me all, if she could. "Has any one wronged thee, my Ellen," demanded I, and my hand involuntarily pressed the hilt of my sword. "Oh no," replied she with a flood of tears, "but if you love me, my brother, never mention this subject to me again."—"You must not think any more of this poor girl, Albert," said I to my friend, "I fear there is something wrong, but we will wait with patience, till Ellen can make known her sorrows." In this situation things remained, till our regiment was ordered to England. Some time previous to our embarkation, Ellen one day addressed me. "I have a tale to unfold," cried she, "my dear brother, that will not only free me from Albert's importunities, but will alienate your love from a wretch no longer worthy of it. But hear me, Bruce," continued she, seeing me preparing to interrupt her, "hear what I have to say, and then act by me as you think proper. Deceit is not in my nature. You have been more than a father to me, my brother: you left nothing to my own care but my innocence. To this I have proved a false guardian. This invaluable gem Ellen has lost—lost for ever."—"Oh! who, my sister," cried I, impatiently interrupting her, "is the villain who has seduced you?"—"That secret shall die with me, Colin," answered she, sinking on her knees, "unless you will swear to me not to hazard a life, too precious to be lost in such a vile cause as this. Swear to me that you will leave my seducer to the stings of his own conscience, and I will tell you all."—"I *will* swear, my Ellen," said I, pressing her to a heart that ached for her: "I will not challenge this execrable wretch. Keep me no longer in suspense, my sister."—She then harrowed my soul, by telling me it was my colonel; but for the sake of a family, who are worthy of a better relation, I will conceal his name."—"By a course of deception," continued Ellen, "too refined and deep studied for the honest unsuspecting heart of my brother to comprehend, this arch deceiver gained the affections, and, too soon after, the weakly guarded virtue of your Ellen."—"Did the colonel ever promise marriage, my sister?" demanded I.—"He did," answered she; "and it was with a view of being one day united to the man, to whom I had sacrificed every thing in my power, that all this secrecy and reserve has been observed on my side. I too fondly thought his heart tender and benevolent as your's, and Albert's. He a thousand and a thousand times vowed to marry me when we returned to England, but a description of his artifice would only discover my own credulity. He has lately used every argument and persuasion to make me leave you, my good, my kind brother, my best and only friend. Deluded as I was, this conduct of my false lover awakened me, out of my dream of happiness, to the painful sense of having sacrificed my peace and fame to a man devoid of principle."—"But, Ellen," interrupted I, "you still love this man?" Ellen blushed. "You would not think the better of me, my brother, could I say that I did not; but of this be assured, had I always entertained the same sentiment that is now interwoven with my love, I had never brought this disgrace on my brave brother. Oh! place me some where, far out of the reach of his wiles. I care not in how lowly a shed, let me but some

times see you, and Albert's boy."—"We will never part, my dearest sister," returned I. "The heart of my Ellen is still virtuous. A depraved mind would not make an effort to separate itself from a beloved object. If you can do this, my sister, you will not be the less dear to me in having parted with your only treasure, for a few honeyed words, to the man you loved: I will protect you from the future attempts of this man."—I was a soldier, and had in my nature a nice sense of a soldier's honor, but I was no friend to duelling. I wished not that the point of my sword should force the man, with whom my soul now disdained to hold affinity, to do my sister what the world calls justice. Low as he had reduced her, I did not think his mind worthy of her's. I wrote a note to the colonel, requesting the favor of an hour's conference at his leisure, on particular business. I received for answer, that he would be glad if I would dine with him the next day, and that he would attend to me on whatever subject I pleased. I meant not to reproach him, for I found that these seductions began now to form part of an officer's duty. I wished to prevail on him to give up all further pretensions to Ellen. I wished to discover whether his heart was quite callous, by the delivery of a few home truths. I went, and found there the major, and three other officers. I expected to have found the colonel alone, for I had no doubt, but that he conjectured the nature of my business. However, I hoped that these gentlemen would retire after dinner, when the colonel and I should come to an explanation. At table, all was ease and hilarity. All did justice to an excellent dinner but myself. I marked the colonel carefully —his appetite too was good: and I know not how it was, but there was a something in his manner, that was not in unison with my ideas of things. The glass circulated briskly to a late hour, and yet there was no appearance that the gentlemen thought of retiring. At length, unable to continue the appearance of ease when my soul was on the rack, I rose to take my leave, telling the colonel that, as he was then engaged, I would wait on him when it was convenient for him to receive me alone. His answer was a memorable one—"Do not leave us, Mr. Bruce. These gentlemen are all my particular friends, and you need be under no restraint before them. I think I guess the subject you wish to enter on. It is a matter I have long wished to have settled to the satisfaction of all parties. These gentlemen are well acquainted with the little affair between your sister and me."—I grew sick, my head swam, and I felt a something in my throat, that took from me the power of speech. I therefore seated myself quietly in my chair.—"You are agitated, Mr. Bruce," proceeded he. "Surely you know too much of the world to treat this matter seriously, when I can make it appear that it will be so much more for your interest to settle the business amicably. Your captain loves your sister—would gladly marry her. I will give her a thousand pounds for a marriage portion, and she will not make the worse wife for what has passed between her and me. The secret shall rest with this company. I and my friends will give our words, as men of honor, never to let a syllable of what has passed transpire. To conclude, Mr. Bruce, I have a vacant company at your service."—My sickness vanished—my head never was clearer—I recovered my speech—I sprung from my seat towards the colonel, in a paroxysm of

passion. "Scoundrel!" cried I. "What! Marry thy wanton to a man so infinitely above thee, and bribe me to promote my own dishonor!" So saying, with my right arm, which by what you may judge by my left, was not a weak one, I felled the despicable wretch to the ground. —The colonel recovered himself and drew his sword. Mine was out of the scabbard in a moment, and we should have fought immediately, had not the colonel's brave friends prevented us. I was put under an arrest, and strictly guarded. The next morning, Ellen entered my room, all wild and disordered. "Oh!" cried she, flinging herself in my arms, "Oh my brother! what have you done? Ruined yourself, and killed your friend, for the sake of a lost wretch like me!" A shower of tears drowned her voice, and it was long before she could tell me, that Albert, the rash unhappy Albert, having learned my fate, with all the sad particulars of poor Ellen's fall (for she in her frantic grief, when she found that I did not return to our lodgings, had told him all)—Albert passed the night in endeavouring to sooth the sorrows of the lost Ellen. At the dawn of day he hastened to the colonel's, and sent a few lines up to him in his bed. The colonel did not long make him wait. They went unobserved by all, but my faithful serjeant, out of the garrison. —The contest was soon decided, and ere the sun had rose clearly over the rocks, the brave Albert received his death's wound. The serjeant, with the assistance of the colonel's valet, brought him off in his arms. They passed the window where Ellen was resting her languid head on her hand. She flew like lightning, and entered the room just as Albert was laid cold and bloody on his bed. She fainted by his side, and, when she recovered, found the dim eyes of Albert fixed upon her. "Ellen," said he faintly, "I love you now ardently as ever. Preserve your life for the sake of my boy, and if possible bring your brother to me." Ellen flew to me. I had liberty granted to take leave of my dying friend. O Death, thou art nothing in the field of battle. I never feared thee in my own person, but thou didst make a coward of me as I approached the bed of Albert.—"Bruce, dear Bruce," cried he, "for my sake continue to love and protect your sister." More he would have said, but his voice grew fainter and fainter, till at last it died away on my ear, and the gallant Albert was numbered with the dead. I soon after was tried by a court martial, and broke, for having struck my superior officer. Having settled Albert's affairs, I found there was but little remaining—no more, when his debts were paid, than his sword and watch, with a few of his wife's trinkets,—these I preserved for his boy.

(To be continued.)

The Dutch Patriots
of the Sixteenth Century.

(Continued from page 424.)

Book X.

Vanquished under the walls of Leiden—compelled to renounce the conquest of that impregnable fort where patriot virtue had triumphed over his army, his valour, and his rage—Alva determines to join the Spanish fleet with the most intrepid of his warriors. Meantime he labors to persuade himself that the tide of his success has suffered but a temporary check, and that his late disasters are perhaps even a favor from the hand of Fortune, who multiplies the obstacles before him, only for the purpose of insuring to him the

gratification of his vengeance in a more brilliant victory.

Impressed with this idea, he assembles the chiefs, and thus addresses them—

"Ye warriors, whose former laurels yet bloom with undiminished splendor—for a single day has not been able to wither them—we are not conquered; and it now behoves us, by the most brilliant exploits, to efface even the remembrance of a few reverses, which we have experienced from the despair of the enemies, who wished to involve us in the same ruin with themselves: we must now exert ourselves to support the glory of Philip, and our own. How great the disgrace, if we were obliged to yield the victory in combating the remains of a rebellious party, already weakened and expiring! On land, more than once humbled to the dust before us, they manifest to the world, by the last efforts they have made to rise from their defeats, and which turn to their own destruction, that they have been unable to resist our valour. Will they be more successful on that element whose waves cannot wash the most distant shore, without announcing our triumphs, and repeating to the universe, that, in boldly sailing to the other hemisphere, we have subdued the ocean?

"The rivers, that water their provinces which our sword has ravaged, have already wafted to the sea the lifeless bodies of their associates: let us add to them the victims that have hitherto escaped us: let Fame quickly announce to Spain their total defeat, strike terror into the soul of revolt, and make that hemisphere tremble, obedient to the laws of Philip. One more combat is sufficient to complete their destruction: and thou, Leiden, inhabited by pale phantoms—Leiden, who, no longer depending on the strength of thy ramparts, hast called in the additional aid of the waters—soon shall thy last remaining tower, already tottering to its base, fall on the heads of thy last surviving defenders, and bury them in its ruins."

Thus spoke the chief in haughty and terrific tone, and, in the pride of anticipated victory, seems already to tread on the necks of his prostrate enemies.

Such are the discourses and even the hopes of Alva, while surrounded by his legions and their chiefs: but, when retired and alone, these illusions of his pride vanish into air, and are succeeded by terror, rage, despair, and even by remorse, that gnawing viper, which preys incessant on the hearts of tyrants, and which they cannot destroy together with the victims of their lawless cruelty.

Scarcely have his anxious cares been suspended by the sweet oblivion of sleep, when they are revived in his dreams. His busy fancy represents to him the numerous victims he has immolated on the scaffolds, rising from their graves, and crowding around him: in bloody characters he reads the names of Egmont and Horn, and even sees their ghosts. This spectacle harrows his affrighted soul: to relieve himself from these horrors, he orders a new scaffold to be erected, and to be drenched with the blood of the arch-rebel. He sees all the preparatives of the execution: the scaffold is reared: Nassau mounts it. Suddenly the scaffold disappears, and the devoted victim issues his commands with the voice of a master; while himself, who had in the preceding moment given orders for the hero's death, is now forced, as by a celestial hand, to bend the knee before him. He awakes from his frightful trance: a deadly cold

chills his heart; and, for the first time in his life, shame burns on his glowing cheek.

At this moment, Alva, seeking some external support, and, if possible, some relaxation from his tortures, assembles around him his most intimate favorites, Vitelli, Serbellone, Vargas who is just arrived, and his sons Frederic and Ferdinand. In his countenance are alternately portrayed the different passions that agitate his troubled breast. His favorites are silent, and fear to meet the lightning of his eye.

"Who could have thought," said he, "that Nassau should escape all the strokes of vengeance, and that yon citadel, whose unparalleled obstinacy excites my rage—and, I must own it, my admiration also—should see our glory wane before it, and be able to set at defiance the power of Philip, aided by the united efforts of both hemispheres? Leiden! the rivers and the sea quit their beds, to fight in thy defence: may the gulf of hell swallow thee, and the rivers, and the sea!

"Now that Nassau, with a whole people and a furious element combining in her favor, have banished famine from her walls—and her citizens, as if resuscitated from the grave, have resumed their arms with increased courage—can I hope to triumph over their opposition, and to humble their pride? Ah! provided that the same courage which has snatched the palm of victory on her ramparts, do not extend to those provinces which still remain in peaceful subjection—provided that, to complete our disgrace, we be not at length reduced to behold Nassau crowned with the most exalted honors by the Batavians— . . . . .

"Shall I tell you, my friends? Yes, I fear I have exceeded the just rigor of the laws. Perhaps I ought to have at least procrastinated the execution of those chiefs—one of them my former friend — whose deaths, the inexhaustible source of grief to these people, excite them to vengeance. During the past night, a sinister dream . . . . But let us forget that dream—I flatter myself with the hope that the proud Nassau, abandoned, betrayed on every side . . . . . Yet, no! let him continue to live! I will again encounter him in the field. Nassau! too long has Leiden retarded me before her fatal towers: to destroy her, I must begin by crushing thee."

He said. — His favorites, powerfully astonished at his remorse, remain silent, till Vargas—who came to the camp before Leiden to inflame the barbarity of Alva, and whose hand is accustomed to pen sentences of death, while the poison of flattery distils from his lips—thus addresses the chief—

"Alva! is it from you we have heard these discourses? from you, who, deaf to the cries of an expiring wife and of a whole family prostrate at your feet, struck off the guilty heads of Egmont and Horn, whose ghosts now seem to alarm you? 'Tis not the resistance of the rebels which will afford them cause of triumph, but—I grieve to say it—your regret, which will be construed into remorse. Let us beware lest a knowledge of it be conveyed to Nassau's ear. The blood of criminals continues to flow; but, what numbers, equally criminal, are still suffered to live! The monsters of heresy and rebellion are yet in existence. If you can be reproached with any excess, it is the excess of clemency."

The majority of the warriors who hear the sycophant thus speak, blush with shame. Alva fixes his eyes attentively on him: but Vargas remains unabashed.

And now, consulting the dictates of policy, Alva offers a general pardon to the people whom he has oppressed—not reflecting that this proclamation is the most glaring act of his tyranny; and, in hopes that a considerable number of the Batavians will voluntarily stretch forth their necks to receive the yoke, he orders the scaffolds to be pulled down, the flaming pyres to be extinguished. But he is surrounded by guards armed with swords, which, to the imagination of the citizens, still appear to reek with Batavian blood: Vargas is stationed by his side: through the thin veil of affected moderation which covers the face of Alva, the features of cruelty are discerned; and, while he proclaims clemency, his countenance, his looks, his lips, still continue to threaten.

The Spanish admiral, the valiant Bossut, after having fought repeated battles without obtaining a decided triumph, was impatient to learn that Alva had overturned the walls of Leiden, and buried their defenders under the ruins—a brilliant victory, which would have been a happy presage of that which he himself hoped to gain by attacking with his whole force the Batavian fleet; but, informed by fame that Leiden has proved herself invincible, he expects, that Nassau—inflamed by the glory of the citadel, and taking advantage of the humiliation of his enemies, whose pride has been broken before those ramparts—will not delay to encounter him.

Bossut summoned up his utmost courage, to sustain the expected conflict with intrepidity, to avenge Alva and the honor of the Spanish name, when Alva himself, embarked in a tall vessel, and surrounded by the most valiant of those warriors who had attended him to Leiden, suddenly presents himself to the eyes of the admiral, whom he thus addresses, with a serenity such as seldom brightens his countenance.—"Admiral! these warriors and I are come to seek victory by your side."—The joyous fleet celebrate the arrival of the Spanish chief, and fondly view him alone as a re-inforcement equal to that of a whole army.

The admiral was not deceived in his conjecture: in effect, William was preparing to engage: and, ever attent to the present state and the future greatness of the nation who have named him their defender, his prudent foresight, on the eve of that important day which is to decide the fate of the Batavians, is more than usually active; and his courage is, if possible, increased tenfold. His eyes seldom close under the influence of sleep: and it is during the silence of the night that he meditates his plans, and has his own opinions aided and confirmed by consulting the valour and experience of the chiefs, that he may have no other evil to apprehend, than those unforeseeable accidents which wholly depend on the decision of blind chance.

At length arrived at the moment of execution, when favored by the winds and the seas, and the hour of the grand conflict approaches, Nassau issues his orders. He intrusts the safety of his ships to none but chiefs worthy to command them. "Thou, Irthur! and you, invincible Peruvians! shall sail in that ship whose prow is decorated by a sun in the zenith of his course. Widow of Horn! Lumey shall defend the vessel which is honored with the name of thy deceased lord: yes, Lumey! 'tis to thee I confide the widowed consort of that hero, together with his revered ashes, which she carries through our ranks, and which have often triumphed over our ene-

mies. Boisot! Saunoi! ye other chiefs! who are impatient to fly to your respective stations—you already know them: they are stations of danger: go! valour guides each to his post. Genlis! Lanoue! your ardor, I see, does not stand in need of my exhortations, to kindle it: this sword, which I received from the hand of Coligni, calls me, calls you equally, to the fight. In the approaching conflict, we shall either perish, or acquire immortal renown by the discomfiture of our tyrants.—The vessel which carried Lewis to Leiden, The William, together with other ships, shall obey his orders on this bloody day."

Then turning toward those warriors who, from the different ports of Holland and of unfortunate Zealand, were come in their own ships to participate his dangers, "Combat," says he, "on board the ships which have severally wafted you hither: under the guidance of such heroes, valour and experience will not fail to conduct them to the most brilliant victory.

"Thou, Maurice," continued he, "shalt remain on board The Batavian, which I undertake to defend. Do thou, Barneveldt, watch over that sacred vessel, and, embarked in The Holland, which is honored in having thee for its commander, fight near me; and let us pledge ourselves to each other by a solemn oath, to bury ourselves in the waves, rather than abandon . . . ."

His unfinished purpose is interrupted by the shouts of the surrounding warriors; and the oath, before he has concluded it, is repeated from mouth to mouth through the whole fleet.

While Nassau was assigning to the several chiefs their respective ranks and stations, Lewis expected that he would have marked out for him the most perilous post on the important day for which they were preparing. William penetrates his thoughts: the two brothers view each other with inexpressible tenderness, and, rushing into mutual embraces, remain for some moments unable to give utterance to the sentiments which crowd upon them. At length—

"Dear Lewis!" says William, "Adolphus is no more: alas! how many heroes have offered up their lives as the price of our triumphs! O! my brother! were it a breach of that duty which I owe my country, if I should conjure you to moderate your fervid courage? Be not alarmed: William cannot require that Maurice should betray his former glory: but does not the interest of your country, as well as the voice of friendship, enjoin you to set bounds to your valour? Unless she demand the sacrifice of your life, you ought to spare her regret: in this arduous conflict, you are to second me, perhaps to fill my place. Supply the part of a father to Maurice; avenge the deaths of Horn and Egmont—avenge my captive son—my son, said I?—ah! can I at this moment remember that I am a father? Behold the Belgian groaning in chains—the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt, flowing subject to tyrannic laws—Zealand overwhelmed with the waves—Holland herself compelled to resign to the sea those tracts of soil which she had wrested from its domain—our concitizens each day immolated—Leiden, in the midst of her ruins, alone raising her victorious head . . . ."

"And it is," interrupted Lewis, "the Belgian in chains, our rivers flowing under tyrannic laws, Zealand inundated, those tombs, those scaffolds, and that narrow theatre where Liberty sits triumphant, while

every thing else is swallowed up in the black gulf of promiscuous slavery—these are the very objects which fire my heart with unusual ardor, and would make me encounter a thousand deaths. But I only imitate the courage of William in the dangers of the fight: he is prodigal of his own life; and shall I be sparing of mine? Ah! if the blood of the Nassaus be again doomed to flow, let it flow from my veins; and may Heaven, propitious to the Batavians, preserve thee, their chief support and defence!"

At these words he tears himself from William's embrace; and the brothers for some time follow each other with their eyes.

(*To be continued.*)

Christian Martyrs.

The records of dawning Christendom are filled with examples of the most resolute self-denial, and of steady determination, which in these days we wonder at, and admire, but cannot imitate.

During the reigns of the Emperors Maximian and Diocletian there was, in the army of the Romans, a legion called the *Theban*, which, like every other legion, consisted of six thousand, six hundred men; and the Theban legion consisted entirely of Christians.—It was the bravest in the field, the most punctual in fulfilling every duty connected with the service, and the most exemplary as to private life. Faithful to the order given by the Great Leader of their religion, that every one should be obedient to the authorities placed over him, these warriors willingly submitted to a heathen commander, and were satisfied with being allowed to worship their own God and Redeemer in private. Their leader was named Mauritius, a hero grown grey in arms, and of unblemished reputation.

At length, however, the Emperor Maximian wished to employ this legion for the purpose of destroying the Christians, too rapidly increasing, as he thought, in opposition to the faith which he espoused.—The whole body refused obedience.—The enraged Emperor ordered every tenth man to be executed on the spot, as an atonement for their rebellion.—He was obeyed.—The heroes stood with arms in their hands, and saw their comrades in war, their brothers in religion, led one by one to death. They made no attempt to liberate these martyrs, but esteemed them happy as sufferers in so good a cause. Another order was given for attack—another refusal followed. Maximian, gnashing his teeth with fury, again ordered the tenth man to be immolated. It was done without opposition, as before. A third command arrived, and was equally resisted, but accompanied by the following appeal to the Emperor:—

"Sire,

"We are thy vassals, and in arms to defend thee; but we are also the vassals of that God, whom we joyfully acknowledge. To thee our bodily strength is devoted—to him, our soul. Thou givest us bread—he gave us life. Thou art our supreme head—God is thine. We have obeyed thee, and we will obey thee; but if thou commandest any thing against the law of God, we obey him rather than thee. Our sabres are drawn against thy enemies; but require not that we should stain them with the blood of our brethren. We vowed fidelity to God before we pledged it to thee—and we might well be thought capable of violating it towards thee, if we first violated it towards him. If thou wouldst shed

Christian blood, why turn thine eye towards thine enemies? Here we stand—*we*—thy *friends* and *subjects*—acknowledging without fear, God the Father, and his son Jesus Christ. Here we stand, with arms in our hands, by which we might rescue ourselves—but will not—for better is it to die innocent than to live oppressed with guilt."

The fury of the Emperor was boundless. He summoned other troops, and ordered them to cut the whole legion down.

"You need no soldiers for that," said Mauritius with cheerful composure. "One executioner, should his arm not tire, will prove enough."

The legion laid down their arms without the slightest opposition, and walked to death as if into the arms of a friend.

SWITZERLAND, *as it was in* 1790.

(*Continued from page* 429.)

LETTER XI.

Lentzburg, on the road to Bern.

I STILL continue here, and shall probably prolong my stay a few days more: so well am I pleased to dwell among men who appear in that character which nature intended them to wear, and who do not sacrifice the finest, the best, and most valuable portion of their existence to an over-anxious and ridiculous affectation of that for which they were never destined.

It is of little consequence how high or how low they may rank in the scale of human beings. If they only display the genuine features of unadulterated nature, something may still be gained by an intercourse with them—nay, more, much more, than from those contemptible machines whom we generally see acting so conspicuous a part in the higher circles of society. That maxim, "drink deep, or taste not," which Pope recommends with respect to learning, we cannot sufficiently enforce with regard to politeness and information. I know of nothing so insipid and disgusting as those half-enlightened, ratiocinating blockheads, who are so commonly met with in what are called *genteel* houses. They everywhere take the lead in all companies, and wrest the thread of conversation from the hands of those who are better informed than themselves. And it is a misplaced pity alone that tolerates them, and suffers them to figure in that exalted sphere which their stupid insolence has dared to invade. For who is ignorant that a single well-timed *repartie* were sufficient to confound and overwhelm one of those troublesomely consequential beings? But, as ignorance and effrontery are generally found united, so is modesty the inseparable companion of genuine merit; and this is the very reason why the former can with impunity assume such airs in presence of the latter.

On this score, commend to me mine host, who is as modest and unassuming as the little town in which he lives. He is a true child of nature, according to the idea of the philosopher of Geneva. "His heart is the seat of unruffled peace: his body enjoys unimpaired health;" to which we may add a simplicity that borders upon dulness, and that forbids us to entertain a single thought to his disadvantage.

In the blooming period of youth, he had acted the part of a waiter in the principal towns of Switzerland, and with great *applause*, as he assured me. There too it was that his manners had been so *greatly* improved, and that the constant intercourse with polite and fashionable people had so *amply* supplied the defects of his neglected education. Among the *acquisitions*, for instance, which he made during the course of his peregrinations, was that of the

French language, which, as he says, proves extremely serviceable to him in his present vocation, especially since the French revolution.

I presume I need not inform you that his knowledge of the Gallic tongue extends no further than a few phrases calculated to remind us of his former state of servitude. Accordingly I have not yet heard any other issue from his lips, than "*On a servi*"—"*Je viens tout à l'heure,*" and the like; and I cannot say that I should esteem him less, if he said the same things to me in his mother-tongue.

But here I quit my "*son of nature,*" to turn my thoughts toward Zurich, and add a few further remarks to those I have already made on that town.

You will conclude, of course, that I visited Mr. Heidegger, and saw his beautiful and costly collection of paintings and prints, and especially his choice and valuable library, which, as is well known, consists of the rarest books, and does honor to the taste, the knowledge, and the philosophic spirit of its owner. Every stranger who visits Zurich ought to see those collections, unless he will consent to bear the imputation of laziness and want of taste.

What a pity that Mr. Heidegger occasionally labors under fits of the spleen, and not unfrequently exhibits his collections in an ill humour! Although I was fortunate enough to find him in one of his brightest moods, I had previously reconciled myself to the possibility of the reverse; and I cannot say that such unpleasant forebodings are the best preparation for a mental feast of that kind. I perfectly conceive, indeed, that a man of talents, whose mind is engaged in an extensive field of research, cannot always be in a humour to answer with complacency and minuteness the tiresome questions of every curious traveller. But why do not the proprietors of such costly collections rather place them under the inspection of a person kept in their house for that purpose, and who, for the trifling salary of perhaps a hundred florins, might undertake this troublesome office, and moreover render them various other useful services? And would not the saving of their own time be alone a more than adequate compensation for that small expenditure? Nay, even if such inspectors were allowed no salary, I am confident that the voluntary presents from strangers would be sufficient for their support. And ought not the idea of thus procuring an easy and competent maintenance for several members of the community prove a powerful incentive to the introduction of such useful auxiliaries?

I would not be thought to have suggested this hint with any particular view to Mr. Heidegger: for, as I have already observed, I experienced from him the kindest reception. For this, perhaps, I am partly indebted to the modest character in which I appeared before him; not announcing myself as a learned sage from Germany, whose spirit of investigation and remark was to immortalise Switzerland—and himself—in a new and elegant work; but modestly introducing myself as an humble *amateur*, a counsellor to no prince, a member of no academy.

Thus, generally, during the course of my tour through Switzerland, have I studiously forborne to assume the pompous character of a learned tour-writer, and shall in future equally forbear to assume it; because I do not choose that those with whom I converse, should either dictate what I must write, or guess what I intend to write. The latter indeed were

the easier task with respect to me: for I am so accustomed to speak the truth even in those places where hypocrisy is the sure road to fortune, that I could still less reconcile myself to an anxious concealment of it in a free republic. * * * * * * *

Letter XII.

Monplaisir, on the road to Bern.

In the vicinity of the small town whence I last wrote to you, I have become acquainted with a family who reside in an elegant and commodious country-house, and enjoy the sweets of domestic life in pleasing retirement and enviable tranquillity. In that house I write you these lines; and I call it *Monplaisir**, because I know of no other spot under heaven, on which I could with greater justice bestow the appellation.

The family consists of five persons—the father, the mother, and three handsome grown-up daughters. I consider this acquaintance as the most agreeable I have formed in my whole journey; and therefore I daily visit this family, and in their charming circle taste pleasures which it were profanation to describe to the inhabitant of a town.

The attractions of this house will detain me here a few days longer:—of what consequence to me whether it be at an earlier or a more distant period that I shall admire the wisdom of the state of Bern? It is a tedious and irksome task to trace and observe the steps of the rulers of the people: for, after long observation and investigation, the result is invariably the same—that those chosen few are but mere men, not less subject to error and weakness than the rest of the nation whom they pretend to govern; with this only difference, that the weakness and corruption of the great is by so much the more dangerous, as the station is more exalted, in which they display their misconduct and folly.

In one of my former letters I gave you some remarks on the decay of music and the dulness of the musical taste among the Switzers. However just those remarks may be when applied to the nation at large, the amiable inhabitants of Monplaisir are a very laudable exception to the general rule. The three beautiful daughters of my friend, are, in the true sense of the word, musical: but the youngest, who is the best, the genteelest, and the most beautiful of the number, is likewise the best performer on the harpsichord. Her name is Caroline; and, indeed, a sweet, plump, delicate little Caroline she is.

Yesterday we celebrated the birthday of this bewitching little enchantress. Her music-master, who is a downright Switzer, had on the occasion composed an ode, which he presented with great solemnity to his pupil. This poem—rhapsody—or whatever else I should call it—possesses a certain something so peculiar, so striking, and so burlesque, that I cannot forbear sending you an exact copy of it: I therefore retain all its errors of orthography; for such a manuscript ought to be considered as a sacred relique; and every officious attempt at emendation would be an unpardonable corruption of the integrity of the original.

[The ode itself, which would afford little entertainment to our fair Readers, is here omitted.]

If, now that I am become acquainted with this musical poet, any man should maintain that the Switzers have no music in their souls, he may expect to find me ready to take up the cudgels in their defence.

I would not interrupt in your bo-

* My pleasure—my delight.

som the sublime effects of this ode by the obtrusion of other objects which I wish to touch upon: I therefore reserve them for my next. Besides, I must prepare for my journey, as I proceed to-morrow to Bern in company with my three Graces. Adieu!

(*To be continued.*)

A Peep *at my* Neighbours; *or,* Asmodeus *in the* Country.

No. 4.

"To prove that I do not always take delight in looking on the dark side of human nature," said Asmodeus, "I will now present you with an affecting scene." He had no sooner spoken these words than, by the exercise of his supernatural power, he conveyed me to a genteel looking mansion, and, mounting to the third story, bade me observe what was passing within. I perceived an elegantly formed female, sitting at a table covered with papers, and in a posture of deep meditation. She was past the bloom of youth, and her face was rather plain than attractive; yet her features wore an expression of placid melancholy, that interested me particularly; and, after regarding her attentively for a few moments, I saw some tears trickle down her pallid cheeks upon the table. Beside her stood a glass of water, and a piece of bread.—"This fair recluse is doing penance for some past transgressions, I suppose," said I, turning to Asmodeus, "she does not, however, appear to relish her frugal repast." While I was speaking, she took up her pen, wrote a few lines,—then packing up the papers, put them aside; and drawing from her bosom a miniature, pressed it to her lips, with an air of most affecting tenderness. "Come," said my companion, "the lady is preparing to retire to rest. We have no business here, for no meddling demon can have the power to disturb the slumbers of virtue and innocence." "Really, my good familiar," said I, "you are quite sententious to night. The lady, whom I have just beheld, appears to me either some repentant frail one, or an unfortunate old maid, who is just disappointed of her twentieth admirer." "Neither the one, nor the other, I can assure you," replied Asmodeus, "An old maid she certainly is, but her case is, I believe, a singular one; and I will tell you her history, that you may know how to respect her as she deserves. Maria Sedley was the only child of a respectable tradesman in London. She received an excellent education, and was reared in the enjoyment of every indulgence. At the age of twenty-four, she was addressed by a young man, whose parents were in easy but not affluent circumstances. The young people were deserving of each other—it was a first and lasting attachment. Henry Welford was then only a midshipman, but, in due time, was made a lieutenant, and, in consequence of some gallant services, had a prospect of early promotion. Unfortunately, however, before that desirable event took place, some unforeseen contingencies reduced the father of Maria to bankruptcy, and old Welford prohibited his son from thinking any more of an union with the pennyless Maria. The injunction, indeed, was unnecessary; for prudence effectually withheld them from venturing on a step, which must have involved them both in unsurmountable difficulties. Yet their affection was rather encreased than diminished by this adverse circumstance; and they looked forward with the hope that

time and patience would eventually set all right again. This hope was, however, destroyed almost as soon as formed; for Mr. Sedley, unable to support with fortitude the unexpected reverse of fortune, sunk under the shock; and Maria, in addition to the misfortune, which had already destroyed her brighter prospects, had to endure the heartfelt anguish of following an indulgent and tenderly beloved parent to the grave. This sad office performed, Maria found herself both poor, and destitute; yet she determined to exert herself, and not let helplessness be added to her misfortune. She obtained all the information in her power respecting her late father's affairs; and, by her judicious arrangement of his papers, and the integrity with which she rendered her accounts, gave so much satisfaction to the creditors, that they interested themselves warmly in her behalf; and, after consulting with her, in the most friendly manner, concerning her plans for the future, they very generously raised for her a liberal subscription, and presented her with every article, that she set particular value upon, among her father's effects. They also gave her sufficient of the furniture to answer her present occasion. Her heart was filled with the warmest gratitude at this unlooked for kindness, and, in pursuance of the scheme she had already formed for her future support, she quitted London, and took a small neat house in this town, where she had some friend, whose connexions, she hoped, would enable her to establish a little school. In this hope she was not disappointed, and she gave such complete satisfaction to the parents of the few pupils, who were at first entrusted to her tuition, that the number rapidly encreased; and she was, in the course of two years, enabled to take the handsome house, in which you saw her.—As there appears to be such a tide in the affairs of mankind, that good or evil generally comes not in solitary instances but in quick succession, no sooner did she find herself the mistress of a comfortable aud respectable establishment, than she received a letter from her lover, containing the pleasing intelligence that he was appointed to the command of the ship, on board of which he was, in consequence of the captain having been killed in an engagement; and that he entertained no doubt, of his rank being confirmed, at his return to England."

Here Asmodeus paused, and I took the opportunity to observe that I supposed alarm for her lover's safety to be the cause of the tears I saw her shedding.—"You are wrong again in that conjecture," he replied, "I have hitherto confined myself to a narration of events as they occurred. I have now to relate the extraordinary part of the tale, and to excite your admiration, as well as surprise, at the exemplary conduct of this young woman.—I told you how generously the creditors of her father had acted towards her, and that she felt the most lively gratitude; but I must now inform you that her grateful emotions were not the mere effusion, of the moment, which arise from selfishness in many instances. Her gratitude was permanent, and ultimately became a settled principle of action; for no sooner did she find her school succeeding to her wish, and the profits of it amounting to something considerable, than she formed a resolution to observe the strictest economy, in regard to her personal expences; that she might, by the aid of exerting her talents in another way, be enabled to lay by a certain sum every

year, until she could save sufficient to discharge all her deceased father's debts to the full amount; thereby proving to his creditors both her respect for his memory, and her grateful sense of their liberality to herself. To effect this laudable, and to her desirable end, she debarred herself of many indulgencies, which she might otherwise have enjoyed, and even appropriated the hours of relaxation from business to close study, till by the exercise of moderate literary talents, which she employed in composing moral and entertaining books for children, she contrived to add considerably to her savings.*

Before she had completely effected her purpose, Welford returned; and anxiously claimed her long promised hand. This was an unexpected, bnt not unpleasing trial of her fortitude; and it might reasonably be supposed that she would readily throw herself, and her hardly earned savings, into the arms of her faithful lover, who had been absent above eight years. Maria, however, suffered her principles of rectitude to overcome her inclination. Considering that she should have no right to expect her husband to liquidate her father's debts, even had they not been justly cancelled by the act of bankruptcy, and making it a point of delicacy not to suffer him to be influenced by her conscientious motives, she positively refused to become his wife until a stated period should arrive. Welford was both surprised, and displeased at a refusal so unlooked for. With her reasons she resolutely persisted in not making him acquainted; fearing that he would over-rule her scruples, and perhaps make sacrifices for her sake, which she would be unwilling to exact. Welford went again to sea, having compelled her to promise that no obstacle, on her side, should impede their union at his return. Thus did Maria nobly renounce her own immediate advantage, for the meritorious motive of acting according to the dictates of honor, and conscience.—Since the departure of Welford, she has been most strenuous in her exertions, and has now very nearly brought her labours to a close. She has almost raised the necessary sum, and great will be her transport, when she is able to discharge the debt of gratitude and filial piety.

It was her father's portrait, which she pressed to her lips just now; and they were tears of mingled joy, and tender melancholy, which you saw her shed. Sometimes mournful apprehensions for the safety of her lover cast a gloom upon her spirits; and such is the feeling, which predominates this evening; yet, I have some influence over dreams, and I will take care that her's this night shall be of a nature to reanimate her brightest hopes. Neither will they prove delusive; for, at this very moment, the father of Welford is at the point of death. He will leave his son sufficient property to render him independent of his profession. The lover will return in safety, and their union be productive of all the felicity, which their respective virtues entitle them to expect, or hope for.

* That we may not be suspected of having drawn an imaginary picture of female excellence, it is necessary to observe that the original is well known to the author, and, with a little variation of circumstances, has acted in the manner related above.

The Author's Portfolio.

On the Advantages of Education.

N°. 4.

The following curious dialogue, which I accidentally overheard, between the landlady of a house where I lodged, and her husband, afforded amusement at the time; and gave

rise to some reflections, which, if committed to paper, may perhaps serve to influence my conduct, at some future period of life. James Thompson had been reared in extreme indigence, and perhaps equal ignorance; for his father kept only a petty barber's shop; and his mother sold fruit and vegetables, at a stall near Newport Market. James was, however, a sharp active boy: and was so clever and officious in assisting the butchers, when they were driving in their cattle, that he was particularly noticed by them; and, one master butcher, taking an extraordinary fancy to him, proposed receiving him as an apprentice, without any premium; an offer which his parents readily embraced. James was sober, diligent, and of a saving turn; his conduct during his apprenticeship, gave his master the most perfest satisfaction, and, in due course of time, he became his foreman. James was such a strict economist, that, in a very few years he saved a sum sufficient to set up in business; and, as he was always able to purchase the best of meat, he was also sure to secure the best of customers. Among them happened to be a maiden lady, of some property, but whose person was so remarkably plain, that she was almost a stranger to the common civilities of the other sex; and it very frequently happened, that, in the market, which she always attended herself, lest she should be cheated by her servants, she was an object of derision to all the men and boys, except James Thompson, who was uniformly polite and obliging. This conduct was not lost upon the lady. She gave his shop a decided preference; and, James, encouraged by her manifest partiality, grew bold enough to venture a few significant speeches; by which the lady understood that he should think himself a fortunate man, if he could obtain her favour. Upon this hint the lady grew gradually more condescending, and when certain of being upon safe ground, James pressed his suit with so much energy, that she blushingly consented to become his wife, upon condition that he would give up business, and live genteely. James had recourse to his old method of calculating upon his fingers: "Why, let me see, I am doing pretty well in business; but then I have not saved above two thousand pounds. You have, you say, about four thousand more. Now if that money lies idle, it will not bring us in much more than three hundred a year; and, then folks might say, I was sitting down idly upon your money, which I should not like; whereas, if we turn it to some account it will accumulate, and we may live genteely. Notwithstanding, if you please this, I will give up the retail trade, and become a contract butcher, as an opportunity now offers by which I may lay out money to advantage."—Not wishing to appear too fastidious, the lady agreed to this arrangement, and became Mrs. Thompson.—At the time I first knew them, they occupied a large and well furnished house in the neighbourhood of Red Lion Square; and had one child, about seven years of age, the first and last that the good lady ever produced. Mrs Thompson, as she advanced in years, grew so extremely parsimonious, that she considered every necessary expenditure an extravagance, unless it contributed to the pleasure of her darling, who was indulged in every respect. Their rent and taxes being high, she prudently resolved to lighten that expense in some degree by receiving occasionally one or two respectable lodgers. I happened to be recom-

mended by a friend; and, in consequence of my literary avocations, the lady began to entertain the highest veneration for genius, which, like most other unknown advantages, she extravagantly overrated the value of, to the infinite annoyance of her husband. I chanced to be in an adjoining room, while they were disputing on the subject, and the debate was carried on, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words :—

Mrs. T.—Indeed, Mr. Thompson, our son must have a good education. The boy has an extraordinary genius already; and it would be both a sin and a shame to neglect it.

Mr. T.—Don't tell me. There is neither sin nor shame in the case. If he has genius, as you call it, that alone may be enough to ruin him, without education.

Mrs. T.—How absurdly you talk, my dear; though, to be sure, genius, without cultivation, can hardly enable him to rise to particular eminence in the world; yet, what a wonderful thing it is, at his years, to be so gifted, and how advantageous may it not prove to him, if we take proper care to help him on!

Mr. T.—Stuff and nonsense! I never had no education, and who, let me ask you, has done better than I have?

Mrs. T.—There is a great deal in luck, my dear; and perhaps the time may come, though I hope it never will, when you may feel the want of those resources, which a well cultivated mind affords in old age, should any unforeseen event deprive you of the wealth, upon which you lay so much stress, as the chief good in life.

Mr. T.—And what is there more substantial, let me ask you, Mrs. Thompson? Nay, even if that should be the case, I shall not feel so keenly the sting of poverty, or the sneers of the world, as your poor scholars and humble pursed though proud spirited geniuses.

Mrs. T.—But a good education, let me tell you, Mr. Thompson, is a never failing source of profit: a man may, possessing that, obtain a respectable livelihood in so many ways.

Mr. T.—I am not quite sure of that. Indeed, one might naturally suppose so; but we often see that some of the greatest wits, and geniuses of the time have not wit enough to secure themselves a daily belly-full, unless they have strong friends to put them in the right way; and even those, who have, are so conceited, and so independent, that they would lose the means of advancement, rather than support the indignity of being under an obligation. All this may read very prettily in a book, but it is sad nonsense after all; for I would be bound that half of those, who write such rhodomantade, are like the children, who say "no, thank you," and wish "no, thank you," hanged.

I could not help thinking that there was more good sense in this simple observation, than I have met with in many plausible harangues; and, in spite of early prejudices, I almost agreed with Mr. Thompson, that genius is often a dangerous possession; and education too frequently the cause of greater evil to those, upon whom it is bestowed, than the want of it. In the common walks of life, how little cultivation is necessary! A man may, (and many do,) obtain wealth and consequence, without any aid from education. I have seen those very persons fulfil every duty of life with scrupulous integrity; and leave behind them both wealth for their children, and a good name; while the unfortunate sons of genius, like the hapless Sisyphus, seem condemned to roll

a stone up a mountain, which ever keeps recoiling upon themselves, or, in other words, they waste their time and talents in the hope of accomplishing that, which can never be accomplished by mortal, or which, if effected, they would derive no advantage from. I do not include in this description those, whose deep learning and scientific researches have been the means of bringing the most useful arts to perfection. I speak only of those who, yielding the reins to imagination, suffer themselves to be hurried beyond the bounds of common sense, and delude others, as well as themselves, with impracticable theories, and ridiculous pretensions. Surely, the plain-dealing tradesman, or the humble mechanic is a far more useful member of society; and parents would do better for their children, if they confined them to the laborious or simple occupations of their forefathers, instead of forcing upon them an education, which few are able to turn to a proper account: thus giving them erroneous ideas of their own abilities, and laying the foundation of future discontent, if not misery. I will take an early opportunity of illustrating this remark by the history of my own life, which affords a striking and melancholy contrast to that of the illiterate, but happy Thompson.

The MATRON'S SOCIETY.

No. 1.

THE members of our little *coterie* having assembled at the appointed time, and taken their places, proceeded to business.

After Mrs. Susannah Snip had cut out sufficient work for the evening, and distributed it as equally as possible, I was called upon by our president to read over the rules of the society; which having done, she rose, and addressed us to the following effect:—

Ladies,

The question, proposed for our discussion this evening, is one, which materially affects our interest; as many of our sex, both old and young, are known to enter on the awful state of matrimony, without due consideration; and, through motives of avarice, ambition, or vanity, form engagements, wherein disparity of years too frequently proves a cause of much subsequent unhappiness. I do not speak of a trifling difference of age in the parties, which, on either side, is frequently found to be an advantage; as a couple, who are both very young, can scarcely be expected to possess sufficient prudence, or experience for the proper regulations of an establishment, or the superintending care of a young family. They are even liable to lead each other into errors, and extravagances, which might be avoided, if either the one, or the other had attained to years of discretion. But I allude to those preposterous unions of youth with age, which we frequently ridicule, but which are, in fact, more to be considered as subjects of censure, or commisseration. I shall not take up your time with any animadversions at present, but simply state the question, which, in our minutes, stands thus:

Query—Which has the greater chance of comfort—an old woman who marries a young man, or a young woman who marries an old man?

Mrs. Julia Singleton. — It may, perhaps, appear presumptuous in me to give the first opinion upon this apparently perplexing question; but as I consider the first speaker to have little more to do, than merely to set the subject going by a few apposite remarks, and then leave the decision

to abler hands, I trust I shall be exonerated from the imputation of self-conceit, or arrogance, in thus undertaking to open the debate. It appears to me (but I own I have not weighed the subject with mature deliberation) that the young woman, who marries an old man, has a greater chance of comfort than is generally supposed; for, according to the old adage, "It is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave." Now, as we generally find that an old man, who marries a young girl, is both fond and indulgent, I cannot see that a woman, so treated, has any great cause for complaint. He is attentive to her wishes, liberal in gratifying even her whims, and assiduous in paying her every attention; while, on the other hand, an old woman, who marries a young man, is scarcely ever known to experience any thing but neglect at best, and, not unfrequently, finds herself an object of contempt, and aversion.

Mrs. Controvert. — Without attempting entirely to refute the assertion of the lady, who has just given her opinion, I shall take the liberty of correcting her statement, with regard to the first article; in which I conceive that she has drawn her conclusions from some favorable, and particular instance, that may have fallen within her observation. From experience, however, I feel warranted in saying, that every young girl, who marries an old man, does not meet with the indulgence, and liberality, she seems to consider as the general consequence of such an union. On the contrary, I have witnessed innumerable instances, in which a maid, so married, was a slave for life to the suspicion, ill-temper, and parsimony of her husband. Doting to absurdity on the young creature, who, by her own ambition, or the controul of mercenary parents, has sacrificed herself so unhappily, he feels conscious that he cannot be an object of sincere regard to her, and, in consequence, is jealous of every good-looking young man, with whom she may chance to be in company. He even restricts her expenditure, in the fear that she wishes only to make a more captivating appearance to others. Every little gaiety, that she indulges in, he views with a severe, and suspicious eye, and if her conduct be ever so correct, what is her reward—what are her enjoyments? Tied for life to a man, who, if not at present infirm, or decrepid, must, in the course of a very few years, become so, the prime of her youth is wasted in warming flannels and mixing possets. She is the object either of fulsome fondness, or splenetic harshness, and condemned either to be made a prisoner by jealous cautions, or to crawl about to public places with a gouty asthmatic old man, who affects juvenile graces to please his young wife, and renders both her and himself the laughing stock of their acquaintance.

Mrs. Penelope Positive. — Mercy on us! What a caricature of May and December has our friend Controvert drawn for our amusement! The picture would be frightful indeed, if one could not enliven the back ground with a more pleasing perspective. Let us suppose the poor man very old, infirm, and decrepid —well then—she has the sooner a chance of becoming a gay and blooming widow, which is always considered a desideratum with our sex. Even this chance, in itself, must render the situation far preferable to that of an old woman, married to a young man; who can have no reasonable expectation of such a consolatory termination to

her troubles. Indeed, seriously speaking, the situations admit of no comparison. The old wife of a young husband must be fated to endure such a variety of humiliations, and mortifications, as must render any woman of moderate sensibility wretched in the extreme. She cannot hope to enjoy much of her husband's society at home, or abroad. She must be conscious that he makes comparisons to her disadvantage, at sight of every young beauty, who falls in his way; and even if he treats her with becoming respect, it is wholly unmixed with that softer sentiment, which women are so fully capable of feeling, and appreciating. Even those accomplishments, which she may have acquired, and which, at a certain period of life, are so pleasing to the men, would be both unbecoming, and uninteresting, at an advanced age. She can no longer display her person, or graces to advantage at an assembly. If she attempts to sing, her broken voice, and imperfect accents are more likely to cause laughter, than delight; and though he might be willing to hear her read to him, she certainly would not appear to great advantage with her spectacles on. All those accidental infirmities too, which might excite his tenderness toward a mother, would undoubtedly claim little consideration from the youthful husband, when tied to his antiquated helpmate. She would be deemed a wretched clog upon his pleasures; and, even in hours of domestic privacy, would find her company less welcome than that of his favorite spaniel. Such a state, I am convinced, can afford no pleasure, and little comfort.

Emily Eitherside. — From what has been advanced, on both sides of the question, it appears that neither of the situations described can be desirable; but the objections have been so equally applied, that there seems to be a great difficulty in deciding which is the preferable situation. In my humble opinion, therefore, the question should be put home to each of the members, that they may answer, according to their several feelings, which lot they would prefer—that of the young wife, or the old one—and our conclusion must be drawn from the majority.

Lydia Laconic.—I am exactly of your opinion.

Priscilla Pratemore.—It is an excellent motion, and I second it with all my heart. But first, ladies, permit me to observe, that I cannot believe all men so ungrateful, and unfeeling, as have been described by Mrs. Positive. That there are some such, I make no doubt; but I hope, and trust, that there are other young men, who, after marrying a woman for the sake of her fortune, (the only motive, we well know, which could induce a young man to unite himself with an old woman,) would have sufficient principle to treat her with kindness, proportionate to the advantage, which he has derived; and if she is not altogether disgusting in person, or of an unbearable perverseness of temper, forbear from treating her with open disrespect, or infidelity. Can no lady here produce an example, that will serve to preponderate the balance on this side of the question?

As every member remained silent, it was found necessary to adopt the plan, suggested by Mrs. Eitherside; and it was demanded of each lady, to which state she would give the preference, if under the necessity of chusing either.

Mrs. Singleton.—I would be the tender young nurse of a loving old man.

Mrs. Clara Controvert.—I would

be the old wife, and please my eye, if I plagued my heart.

Mrs. Emily Eitherside.—I would marry the old man if he was neither surly, or too gouty to go about with me.

Mrs. Priscilla Pratemore.—I would venture upon a young husband, if he would let me enjoy a snug game of cards at home, while he was amusing himself abroad; and would be so polite as not to call me his old woman in public.

Mrs. Lydia Laconic.—Let me be "the old man's darling."

Mrs. Turnpenny.—And I too, with the perspective alluded to by Mrs. Positive.

Mrs. Penelope Positive.—I have delivered my sentiments fully on the subject, and need say no more than that I should certainly chuse the lot of the young wife.

Mrs. Caveat.—Well then, ladies, it appears that the majority is on this side; but there seem to be so many serious evils attending these matches, in which there is a striking disparity of years, that I trust none of our members, old or young, will enter into such an indiscreet engagement. The cases have, indeed, been argued with some exaggerations, and occasional pleasantry; but should the circumstances of any among us ever be such as to bring the alternative to our serious decision, I am persuaded that the recollection of our present debate would give rise to some necessary, and prudential deliberations. Now, Mrs. Scribblewell, have the goodness to propose the question for debate at our next meeting.

Query—What qualification is most essential towards forming what is generally considered—a good wife?

MEN *the* GAINERS *by* MARRYING.

"PRAY," said Sir Harry Hairbrain to his friend Ponder, "what should I get by marrying? I have plenty of money, enjoy my liberty, and have nobody to please but myself. I should be a fool indeed to marry, under such circumstances."

"Why, my dear fellow," returned Ponder, "I was not always an advocate for matrimony; but I have given the matter much serious consideration of late, and find that men are sure to be the gainers at all events."

"How, in the name of wonder, will you prove this?" asked Sir Harry, looking in his friend's face with anxious earnestness.

"Clearly, and decisively," returned Ponder, "and I will make you acknowledge the fact.—In the first place, then, we *get* a wife."—"That, in course."—"Probably, children."—"Very likely indeed."

"Frequently we *get* into debt."—"It happens so, indeed."—"Sometimes we *get* into a jail."—"Many have done so I own."—"And it is not unusual for a husband to *get* a suit in Doctors' Commons, and if that be not getting enough, I wonder what you would have."

Sir Harry laughed, and declared he should never wish to *get* half so much.

VERACITY.

THE Duke of Ossuna, one of the ministers of Charles the Third of Spain, being at Barcelona, took it into his head to visit the gallies, where the condemned felons were deposited. He interrogated several of them as to the causes of their conviction and banishment; each excused himself, one saying he was put in out of malice; another, that he was ruined by the corruption of the judge; another, that he was cast by perjury, and so on; but all stating that they were put in unjustly. At last, observing a little sturdy Arrago-

nian, he asked him what he was in for? "Sir," said he, "I stole one hundred ducats at Saragossa, to keep me from starving."—The duke immediately struck him a smart blow with his cane, saying, "You *rogue*, begone out of the company of so many *honest* men!"—and he instantly turned him out at his liberty.

Of what Complexion *ought a* Woman *to be?*

In my younger days I had a schoolfellow, who was a worthy lad, and beyond description fond of such books as Robinson Crusoe, Philip Quarll, &c. In fact, he used to wish, above all things, that it might be his good fortune to live on a desert island; and never was tolerably comfortable till his friends at length consented that he should make a voyage to Jamaica. On the passage the vessel had to encounter two tremendous storms, the crew were obliged to eat musty biscuits, and drink fœtid water, so that by the time my honest schoolfellow reached his destination, he was for ever cured of his attachment to *Crusoe*, and *cruising*.—He availed himself at once of the advantages afforded by the colony, became an overseer, and at last even master of a plantation; till having realized a decent property, he returned, as all wish, to old England.

He brought with him a young female negro—an orphan, whom he had adopted from motives of benevolence, when she was twelve years old.—He was much pleased with her in her thirteenth year, thought her even pretty in her fourteenth, and in her fifteenth fell over head and ears in love with her.—A year after he made an attempt upon her innocence, and when the amiable girl resisted him with tears and intreaties, he actually wanted, in her seventeenth, to marry her.

One morning he entered my room, evidently much agitated. "My good friend," said he—"I am in love with a girl, whom you know—Her person, mind and disposition, perfectly suit me—her complexion is the only draw back—for Heaven knows she's as *black* as a crow—in fact, a negro. Now negroes are evidently not human creatures like ourselves, or God would have given them our complexion, and you are aware, that when we wish to express the difference of things entirely remote, we say *as different as black and white*."

He reasoned to a great extent on this point, and at length went, without waiting for my answer, to tell the girl he would marry her.

Two hours after this, the negro-girl herself came to me, "Ah, dear gentleman," said she, "I'm in love, and I don't know whether I should marry the man I love, or not."

"How so?" demanded I. "Is he old, or ugly? Is he a fool, or do you suspect him of being a knave?"

"None of these," answered she, "but he is *white*. Pardon me if I speak candidly, for you too are white; but I can't help thinking that if the Great Power had intended to make the *white* men *real* men, it would hardly have cost him any more trouble, to put the last stamp of perfection upon them—that is, to make them *black*—for, without this, surely man is only a blank sheet of paper, waiting till the Great Author writes something upon it."

She continued her remarks in this strain for a long time, making occasional pauses, as if to wait my answer.—I appointed a meeting with her the next day, stating that I would reflect on what she had said; but she went in the mean time, and married my schoolfellow.—I rejoiced at this; for after weighing the subject most deliberately in my mind, I was unable to decide which of the two was right.

Hugo.

The City of Washington, denominated the Federal City of the United States of America.

(With a correct view of the President's House.)

The present war in America, wantonly waged against this country by a faction devoted to Bonaparte, following his system, and like him thirsting for dominion with already too great a territory, has been marked in its onset by our degenerate descendants, with all the atrocities of savage hostility. Upper Canada, when conscious of having given no offence to her neighbour, and consequently unprepared for defence, was suddenly invaded, with the avowed purpose of attacking Quebec, and a boast of conquering that immense country. This visionary conquest was undertaken, no doubt, in example of their prototype's invasion of Russia. He burnt Moscow, the ancient capital—his American epitome devoted York, the capital of Upper Canada, to the flames; and so far, each tyrant triumphed in his devastation.

A description of Washington becomes a matter of peculiar interest to the British reader. In giving this, we have had recourse to the recent work of our countryman Mr. Janson, who resided many years in the United States. From his publication, intitled "The Stranger in America," and, by permission of the publisher, we give a plate, in the present Number of our Magazine; as well as the following extract.

"The foundation of the present seat of government, in the United States of America," says Mr. Janson; "was one of the last national objects, of the distinguished character, whose name it bears.* The ingratitude of a certain portion of Americans to that great and good man, is one of the foulest stains upon their character. General Washington no sooner planned the city, than they insinuated that he had pitched upon a spot for the seat of government, near to his estate of Mount Vernon, in order to enhance its value; though they well knew that his private property was ten fold greater than his private expenses.† His choice, I believe, was directed to one object only; the capitol is built in the centre of the United States.

"I have remarked that on my return to London, the first general inquiry of my friends is respecting this far famed place. The description, given of it by interested scribblers, may well serve to raise an Englishman's curiosity, and lead him to fancy the capital of Columbia a terrestrial paradise.

"The entrances, or avenues as they are pompously called, which lead to the American seat of government, are the worst roads I passed in the country; and I appeal to every citizen, who has been unlucky enough to travel the stages north and south, which lead to the city, for the truth of the assertion. I particularly allude to the mail stage road, from Bladensburg‡ to Washington, and

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* General Washington;—in war, a generous enemy—in peace, our sincere friend.

† Thus spoke ingratitude of the man, who successfully fought their battles, while he refused pecuniary reward; and when he had concluded an honorable peace, like Cincinnaitus, resigned his commission, and returned to the plough share.

‡ This village is about six miles from Washington. Here, President Madison with 6000 of his troops made a stand to defend his capitol; but was quickly put to the rout by the advanced party of the British, who were not a fifth part of his number.

thence to Alexandria. In the winter season, during the sitting of Congress, every turn of a waggon wheel (for I must observe that there is no such thing in the country, as what we call a stage coach, or post-chaise) is for many miles attended with danger. The roads are never repaired; deep ruts, rocks, and stumps of trees, every minute impede the traveller's progress, and often threaten his limbs with dislocation.

"Arrived at the city, a stranger is struck with its grotesque appearance. In one view from the Capitol Hill, the eye fixes upon a row of houses, uniformly built, and ten or twelve in number; while it faintly discovers the adjacent tenements to be miserable wooden structures, consisting, when approached, of three or four rooms one above another. Again the hotel is seen, which was vauntingly promised, on laying the foundation, to rival the large inns in England. This, like every other private adventure here, entirely failed: the walls and roof remain, but not a window; while, instead of accommodating the members of Congress, and travellers of distinction, as proposed, a number of the lowest class of Irish emigrants have long held the title of *naked possession*, from which, were it to become an object, it would be difficult to eject them.* Prior to the late events, some well finished edifices might be distinguished a little to the left, surrounded by lofty pine-trees. These were the houses occupied by the President and officers of state, with a litte theatre, wherein an itinerant company often repeated the lines of Shapespea Otway, and Dryden, to empty benches. These terminated the view of the Pensylvanian, or grand avenue.

"The Americans embraced with avidity the design of the new city. Several companies of speculators purchased lots of ground, and began to build handsome streets, with an ardor that soon promised a populous city. Before they arrived at the attic story, the failure was manifest; and in that state at this moment, are the walls of many scores of houses, began upon a scale of elegance. In some parts, purchasers have cleared the wood from their grounds, and erected temporary wooden buildings; others have fenced in their lots, and attempted to cultivate them; but the sterility of the land, laid out for the city, is such, that this plan has also failed. The country adjoining, (also comprised in the plan of the city) consists of woods in a state of nature, and in some places mere swamps, which give the scene a curious patch-work appearance. The view of the noble river Potomack, which the eye can trace till it terminates at Alexandria, is very fine. The navigation of this river, for an extent of nearly three hundred miles, is good from Chesapeak bay to the near approach of the Federal city, where banks of sand are formed, which every year encroach considerably upon the channel.

"The capitol, built by Mr. Benjamin Latrobe, an English architect, is a superb building, and little inferior to any palace in England. It consists of a centre and two wings, of equal height, and contains spacious lofty rooms for the assemblage of the two Houses of Congress, with a number of apartments for committees and the public records.

The President's house is at the ex-

* It would seem, from the government dispatches, that, since the first publication of this description, the intruders had given place to *Congress men*; the British having levelled this *hotel* with the dust; in common with the other public buildings.

tremity of the Pensylvanian avenue, one mile in a direct descending line from the capitol, The contemplated streets of this embryo city are called avenues, and every state gives a name to *one*; but only three are here and there built upon, the remainder being as much a wilderness as Kentucky; but with this disadvantage, that the soil is good for nothing. Some half-starved cattle, browzing among the bushes, present a melancholy spectacle to a stranger, whose expectation has been wound up by the illusive description of speculative writers. So very thinly is the city peopled, and so little is it frequented, that quails and other birds are constantly shot within a hundred yards of the capitol, and even during the sitting of the Houses of Congress.

"The President's house is certainly a neat but plain piece of architecture, built of hewn stone, said to be of a better quality than our Portland stone, as it will cut out like marble, and resist the changes of the seasons in a superior degree. The north side alone is finished in the interior, where the President receives his levee in the manner of an English nobleman at his country seat, but without his hospitality.* The ground around this boasted house, instead of being laid out in parks, &c. as we are told by writers who never saw it, remains in its ancient rude state, so that in a dark night, instead of finding his way to the President, one may, perchance, fall into a pit, or stumble over a heap of rubbish. The fence around it is of the meanest sort; a common post and rail enclosure. This parsimony destroys every sentiment of pleasure that arises in the mind, on viewing the residence of a ruler of a nation, and is a disgrace to the country. On each side of the President's house, at the distance of a few hundred yards, are the offices of state, also handsome buildings, but built of brick."

Thus far Mr. Janson; but we have before us the opinion of other English travellers on the continent of America, in corroboration of his description. It is erroneous to represent Washington as a city divided into rectangular squares, diagonal streets, 160 feet wide, with 10 feet foot-pavements; an equestrian statue of Washington*, and a place left for President Madison, and other great men of America, &c. &c.

Such, however, as the city might have been, a few hundred British soldiers entered it, and in a few hours razed every public building to the ground; but, far different to their enemies in the devastation of the capitol of Lower Canada, they spared private dwellings, nor touched individual property of any description. In this instance British magnanimity was eminently displayed. The house of the state-printer, indeed, was doomed to be fired; but a number of unhappy females, whose places of abode adjoined the printing-office, supplicated Admiral Cockburn

* What, indeed, more can be expected from the ruler of a nation, who is restricted to 25,000 dollars a year—about 6222*l.* sterling money?

* So very far from the truth is this assertion, that shortly after the remains of the hero were deposited in the grave of Mount Vernon, a deputation from Congress waited upon his afflicted widow in order to obtain permission for the removal of the corpse to the city, and over it to erect a monument to his revered memory. This was, reluctantly, granted; but the ungrateful parsimonious legislature refused a vote of credit for the expense; and thus Washington moulders in the vault, which he himself had dug for that purpose in his own garden.

to spare their property, which would, most likely, have shared the same fate; and the hero instantly countermanded his orders, promising the fair ones his protection.

The President appeared near the field of battle on the morning of the action, which decided the fate of the capitol. The two Secretaries of State and War, and the Attorney General, were with him. They all viewed the British army from the opposite heights, behind Bladensburgh. A rocket was thrown by the latter; Mr. Madison saw it, and instantly retreated. He was observed gliding down a hill, and was watched until he went entirely out of sight.

Whimsical Notice.

(From a New York Paper.)

Ugly Club.—The members of the Ugly Club are requested to attend a special meeting at Ugly Hall, 4, Wall-street, on Monday evening next, at half-past seven o'clock precisely, to take into consideration the propriety of offering to the committee of defence the services of their ugly carcases, firm hearts, sturdy bodies, and unblistered hands—his Ugliness being absent this meeting is called by order of

Aug. 13. His Homeliness.

Colossal Statue of Wallace,

On a Rock at Dryburgh.

On Thursday, the 22d ultimo, being the anniversary of the victory obtained by the brave Sir William Wallace, at Stirling Bridge, in the year 1297, the Earl of Buchan dedicated the Colossal Statue of the hero, formerly announced to the public as being in progress, in the following very laconic and impressive manner:—

"In the name of my brave and worthy country, I dedicate this monument as sacred to the memory of Wallace—

"The peerless knight of Elderslie,
Who wav'd on Ayr's romantic shore
The beamy torch of liberty!
And roaming round from sea to sea,
From glade obscure, or gloomy rock,
His bold compatriots call'd to free
The realm from Edward's iron yoke."

The situation of this monumental statue is truly striking, and commands a lovely view. When the work is quite finished it will have a fine effect. The simple and sublime inscription, from Thomson's Autumn, is to be,

"Great Patriot Hero! Ill-requited Chief."

Anecdote of George II.

George the Second was very fond of Kensington; where he was walking one evening with a pliant, supercilious lord of the court, and the flies were very troublesome to him. "My lord," said the King, "these flies plague me and my mouth very much." "If your majesty," replied the courtier, "will be most graciously pleased to shut your royal mouth, they will not fly therein."

French Anecdote.

While a great crowd waited at the Thuilleries to see Louis the Eighteenth on his return from mass, a stout man, with a yellow countenance and hollow eyes, complained very loudly that he had waited above an hour; an old gentleman, with white hair and pleasing aspect, took him by the arm, and said, "You are fortunate, sir, to have only waited an hour for the king, when all France has been waiting these twenty-four years for him." The general applause which followed, shewed how completely the spectators participated his feelings.

POETRY.

The Lady's Love.

By Marina.

Do you see the lord's daughter, once lively and gay?
How sadly she steals through yon dark cover'd way!
How she watches if any her footsteps discern,
And those light-falling footsteps no echoes return!

And why steals the lady in silence along,
Who was wont to enliven the woods with her song?
And why do her eyes, that once wander'd around,
Now steal a quick glance, and now bend to the ground?

Oh! the lady has grown well acquainted with fear,
Has exchang'd the gay smile for the big trembling tear;
And Cupid has taught her to leave the deep sigh,
From the heart-burning glance of a sparkling black eye!

And from whom was the ray that has pierc'd the proud soul,
Where haughty ambition held sov'reign controul?
Some monarch unrivall'd in splendour and state,
Or some warrior, whose sword has to thousands been fate?

The best of our nobles have felt her disdain,
The good and the valiant have woo'd her in vain;
What ruler of nations, what fav'rite of fame,
Has rais'd in that cold icy bosom a flame!

No prince who was destin'd a sceptre to wield,
And guiltless alike of the spear and the shield;
His flock he attends on the neighbouring plain,
And an acre of land is his spacious domain!

When the zephyrs of evening succeeded the day,
And the sun's golden glories to twilight gave way,
As glowing in beauty he sunk in the main,
And the mountains' long shadows were lost on the plain;

When each flow'ret reviving made fragrant the breeze,
That whisper'd its sighs as it stole through the trees;
When the nightingale's warbling was heard in the grove,
And Nature herself seem'd the temple of love——

The lady from crowds, and from splendour, retir'd;
Fatigued with the homage her charms had inspir'd;
Left the wax-lighted hall, and the gilded saloon,
For the glow-worm's pale lamp, and the beams of the moon.

Alone through the flow'r-scented path as she stray'd,
To her sight ev'ry moment new beauties display'd;
Till the influence of Nature her feelings refin'd,
And pride and ambition grew faint in her mind.

As faded their power in her altering soul,
On her ear the soft breathings of harmony stole;
In strains that for sweetness and richness might vie
With the songs of the Nine in their mansions on high.

Long listen'd the lady, delighted, amazed!
But when on the form of the minstrel she gazed,
Where beauty reign'd pure, uncorrupted by art,
How quick beat the pulses that throbb'd at her heart.

On a green rural bank lay the shepherd reclin'd,
His pipe and his crook were with flow'rets entwin'd;
But who shall describe the symmetrical grace
Of a form without fault, and the charms of his face?

Had Apollo half equall'd this pride of the plain,
No Daphne had fled from so lovely a swain!
And the Muses themselves on his strains might have hung,
And have thought it the music of spheres when he sung.

If the lady the charms of the shepherd admir'd,
Not less was the wonder her beauty inspir'd;
So fair, that he deem'd her no daughter of earth,
But a vision transporting of heav'nly birth!

Till taught by the blushes that mantled her cheek,
By the eye's tender language where lips dar'd not speak,
By the trembling emotion she could not controul,
And the glances that spoke ev'ry thought of her soul;

The pupil of nature, unused to conceal
What the wish of his heart could e'er prompt to reveal,
Avow'd his warm feeling with love for his guide,
And what reason was wanting in, passion supplied.

But tedious to tell were the story of love,
How often they sought the deep shade of the grove;
Or wander'd by moonlight the wide-spreading plain,
While the lady reclin'd on the arm of the swain.

He taught her the beauties of Nature to prize;
Explain'd the bright signs of the stars in the skies:
Or sung how his soul by her beauty was fir'd,
While the Muse smil'd upon him, and Cupid inspir'd!

Now joyless to her grew the gay splendid ball;
Fatiguing the banquet of knights in the hall:
The flattery of courtiers disgust could but move:
And she sigh'd for the language of nature and love.

And where were her steps bent so silent and slow?
To the church that stands close in the valley below,
Where ere now she has promis'd affection and truth,
At the altar of God, to the high-favor'd youth.

And hark, where the bells from the steeple proclaim
That Hymen has sanction'd the genuine flame;
The Baron's fair daughter, forsaking her pride,
With the lowly-born peasant her fate has allied.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, *and* CONTENT.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

I ENVY not Ambition's slave,
His dreams of conquest, pow'r, and fame;
Ambition is Affection's grave,
Wherein is buried Love's soft name.

I would not change, for all the pow'r
That crowns, or sceptred rule, could bring,
My humble cot, my leafy bow'r,
To be an empire's ermin'd king!

For well we know, too oft the head
Whose temples bear a regal crown,
Oppress'd with anguish seeks its bed,
And longs to lay the burden down.

Then give not me, oh! heav'nly pow'r!
One single dream Ambition knows;
For I should lose each peaceful hour,
And gain a host of hateful foes.

But now, unknowing and unknown,
Envy ne'er blasts my still retreat,
Friendship and Love I seek alone,
And they could make a desert sweet.

Long be it mine to share with these,
The humble cot, the leafy bow'r;
Then life shall glide along with ease,
Without a dread of death's dark hour.

A WALK *with* NATURE.

HARK, hark, 'tis the song of the peasants we hear,
'Tis the song of delight, for their harvest is o'er;
How soft through the valley it steals on the ear,
As we wander beside the sweet rivulet's shore.

Oh! it brings to my mind days of infantile joy,
When wild as the wood-bird I caroll'd my song,
Ere the world or its troubles began to annoy,
Then my wants were but few, and my pleasures were strong.

Since then I have toil'd in the world's turbid stream;
And though splendid it seem'd when I first sought its smile,

Too oft I have found its delights are a dream,
But its sorrows are certain, and so is its guile.

Then how sweet 'tis to steal from its troubles away,
And in scenes such as this spend a solacing hour;
It betters the heart as with nature we stray,
And gives it fresh strength 'gainst the world and its pow'r!

J. M. LACEY.

IMPROMPTU,

On a young Lady, who has lately taken to Smoking.

[illegible]pel gloomy thoughts, and drive away care,
A whiff of Virginia's the test;
Lucinda, sweet soul, although a thing rare,
Puffs at sorrow as well as the best.

Clement's Inn. SHORT CUT.

On the DEATH *of* SIR PETER PARKER.

Attributed to Lord Byron.

THERE is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave,
B[illegible] nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent;
In vain their bones unburied lie—
All Earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is their's on ev'ry page—
An epitaph on ev'ry tongue;—
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail—to them belong.

For them the voice of festal Mirth
Grows hush'd—*their* name the only sound;
While deep Rememb'rance pours to Worth
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not—
Lamented by admiring foes—
Who would not share their glorious lot?
Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant PARKER! thus enshrin'd
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
And early Valour glowing find
A model in thy memory!

But there are breasts that bleed with thee,
In woe that glory cannot quell;
And shudd'ring hear of victory,
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
When cease to hear thy cherished name?
Time cannot teach forgetfulness
While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas for them—though not for thee—
They cannot chuse but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

The SORROWS *of* ELLEN.

'TWAS spring, and fair Flora, with colors so gay,
Had painted the meadows all over;
When Ellen, who once was as blooming as May,
Beneath a tall Sycamore-tree as she lay,
Thus mourned for the loss of her lover.

"Farewell to the pleasures which once I enjoy'd,
For the joys of my life are all over;
My comforts are fled, and my peace is destroy'd,
And ev'ry sad hour of my life is employ'd,
On the thoughts of my false-hearted lover.

Though Nature displays all her beauties around,
No joy my sad heart can discover;
While the woodlands and vallies with music resound,
And sweet blooming flow'rets each footstep surround,
I shall think on my false hearted lover.

I believ'd ev'ry word the deceiver could say,
For I ne'er wish'd to marry another;
My heart and my hand I gave freely away,
And I deem'd myself happy, and happy the day,
When I met with my own dearest lover.

I foolishly judg'd of his heart by my own,
Nor thought I had met with a rover,
Thus deceiv'd by his wiles I went heedlessly on,
Nor found my mistake till he left me to mourn,
For the loss of my false hearted lover.

How hard is my fate, while thus robb'd of my peace,
And hard is the heart of my rover.
With the dawn of each day all my sorrows increase,
And while I shall breathe, oh, I never can cease,
To lament that I e'er lost my lover.

But short is the time for afflictions beneath;
Soon, soon will my sorrows be over;
I will love the dear man till I draw my last breath,
And when sunk by despair in the cold arms of Death,
I shall die a poor heart-broken lover."

She ceas'd, and sweet Echo repeated the sound,
While Night threw her mantle all over;
She lifted her eyes, and look'd mournfully round,
Then heav'd a deep sigh, sunk her head on the ground,
And expir'd for the loss of her lover.

C. C. RICHARDSON.

Lines on the DEATH *of an* INFANT.

WHILE fond Affection sheds the mournful tear,
For smiling Innocence so truly dear,
Let mild Religion her soft aid impart
To calm the mind, and sooth the aching heart;
Let heav'n born patience heal the deep-felt wound,
Nor let one rude ungrateful wish be found.
For 'twas no tyrant's pow'r forbade thy stay,
'Twas mercy's voice, that call'd the innocent away.

While we toil on in care and pain below,
Far, far from this deceitful world of woe,
'Tis thine, sweet babe, to taste the joys of heav'n.
A fadeless crown of bliss to thee is giv'n:
Doubtless thy gracious maker did foresee,
Thy life would prove but pain and misery;
By ill example, or delusion led—
So snatch'd thee from the storm, that gather'd round thy head.

C. C. RICHARDSON.

INSCRIPTION.

On a Tablet placed over the remains of a favourite Pointer.

STRANGER, if friendship firm, or genuine worth,
E'er claim thy fond regard, a moment pause
On this green plat, beneath whose daisied turf
A faithful friend, a favourite pointer sleeps.
No more when buxom Plenty fills her horn,
From Autumn's burden'd lap, will Sancho rise
Ere the bright day-star gilds the eastern sky,
To brush from stubble rough the pearly dew,
Or scent the tainted gale, and mark the spot
Where broods the partridge tribe. Alas! thy sports,
Sancho, are o'er. For thee some human brute,
With fiend-like malice, mixt the draught of fate;
And poison tingled through each boiling vein,
Till hopeleless misery's last, best friend, kind Death
Let fall his sombre curtain o'er thy woes,
And wrapt thee in Oblivion's sable pall.
Sancho, adieu! While calm unruffled peace,
Sheds her quietus o'er thy mould'ring frame;
When his dread hour of retribution comes,
Perchance, the miscreant wretch, that wrought thy fall,
May envy thee.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

The SLEEP *of* DEATH.

HOW sweet to sink to balmy rest,
When struggling with the sense of pain:
When long the weary troubled breast,
Has sighed for ease, but sighed in vain!

Sweet is the silence of the tomb,
To him who treads a path of woes,
Who faints in sorrow's mazy gloom,
And sighs for refuge and repose.

Soft as the dews on violets rest,
Sweet as the zephyr's balmy breath,
Is sleep that lulls the weary breast,
But sweeter still the sleep of death.

HAND *and* HEART.

By J. W. SMITH.

To a Lady.

MADAM, you told me yesternight
If rightly I did understand,
That you had recently observ'd
I had a very pretty hand.

You can't deny what you have said,
And let me then my mind impart;
Besides a very pretty hand,
I had a very pretty heart.

But that was stolen t'other day,
  Nor did its loss my mind surprise;
Because I found my pretty heart
  Was taken by two pretty eyes.

Nor do I yet the loss deplore,
  That seems by wily Cupid plann'd,
But trust the nymph *that stole my heart*
  Will shortly please *to take my hand.*

LOVE.

By LORD BYRON.

YES! Love indeed, is light from heaven,
  A spark of that immortal fire,
With angels shar'd—by ALLA given,
  To lift from earth our low desire!

Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in Love.
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought,
A ray of Him who form'd the whole,
A glory circling round the soul!

FASHIONS

FOR

NOVEMBER.

Morning Walking Dress.—A round robe of French muslin, made high on the neck, with long sleeves, the skirt rather short, trimmed at the feet, wrists, and neck, with a triple flounce of lace.—A mantle of light olive-colored kerseymere, trimmed with a broad border of ribbon, of the same colour.—Hat composed of seal fur, with band, and tassel of gold.—The hair in full curls on the front, and sides.—Gloves of French kid.—Boots of olive-colored jean.

Morning Half Dress.—Gowns made high, of colored muslin. Green, olive, and hair brown, are the most prevailing colors, with flounce trimming of lace. French handkerchiefs for the neck of colored silk, are general appendages to this order.—The hair in full small curls in front—a small cap of French lace, with a cluster of flowers on one side—an occasional scarf of French silk, with a broad border of flowers.—Gloves of French kid, to correspond with the color of the dress.—Shoes of black kid.

Evening Dress.—A robe of pink silk, bodice of white satin, with short sleeves of French lace, the bodice ornamented round with a festoon of seed pearl; the feet trimmed with a frill plaiting of lace.—Bracer of silver ribbon, with a clasp of colored gems in front.—The hair in small curls round the head, with a cluster of variegated flowers on one side.—Necklace and ear-rings of diamonds.—Bracelets to correspond.—Gloves of white French kid.—Slippers of white satin with silver rosettes.—Fan of carved ivory, with a festoon of variegated flowers round the border.

General Observations.—Morning Walking-Dresses are robes of white muslin and occasionally of red, green, or olive muslin; made high on the neck, rather short in the robe, trimmings of lace or colored ribbon, in full flounces round the neck and feet.—Mantles of fine Georgian cloth, olive or fawn, are the most prevailing colors, with trimming of seal fur, or broad border of ribbon of the same color.—Robe pelisses of morone, or bright purple velvet with trimming of swansdown, are the general appendage to the carriage costume.—Hats and bonnets of seal or sable fur, are in general request for the promenade and carriage costume. Tippets and trimmings of chinchilly and every article of the fur kind, are in great repute:—tippets of seal, or chinchilly, are general appendages to the morning half dress.

Evening Dresses are of colored crapes, or French silk, the bodice and robe are more frequently of the same material, and color—the bosom and shoulders low, the waist short, the robe a short walking length, with broad flounce trimmings of French lace. The sleeves are generally composed of festoons of lace, interspersed with seed pearls; the bosom and back ornamented with a festoon of seed pearls—bracer of silver ribbon, with a clasp of colored gems—The hair in small curls round the head, with a cluster of variegated flowers, on the back or side. Flowers are the general ornament to the head. Dress caps and lace turbands interposed with colored crape, ornamented with studs of brilliants are becoming general, colored brilliants for the neck are taking the precedence of the diamond necklace.—Briliants are the prevailing ornaments in articles of jewellery.—Gloves of white French kid.—Slippers of white satin, with rosettes of colored gems or silver.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

Sept. 20, Rivals, Beehive.
22, Wild Oats, Review.
24, Hypocrite, Turnpike Gate.
27, West Indian, Three and the Deuce.
29, Honeymoon, Woodman's Hut.
Oct. 1, School for Scandal, Prize.
3, Richard III. Lock and Key.
4, Man and Wife, Children in the Wood.
6, Othello, Honest Thieves.
8, Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, Irishman in London.
10, Richard III Weathercock.
11, Rivals, Woodman's Hut.
12, John Bull, Illusion.
13, Hamlet, Turn out.
15, Policy *(first time)*, Woodman's Hut.
17, Richard III. Of Age To-morrow.
18, Policy, Silvester Daggerwood, Review.

Remarks.

The curiosity and interest excited by the appearance of Mr. Kean, in Richard, on the 3d of October, brought as great an audience as ever attended his performances last season. It was his first appearance during the present one. At an early hour the avenues of the theatre were crowded, and many, after an anxious waiting, were obliged to abandon their intention, from the impossibility of obtaining room. At every door the mortifying notice was stuck up of "Box," "Pit," or "Gallery full." The theatre was exhibited to its best advantage, as all the private and proscenium boxes were filled by fashionable company.

So eager were the public to greet their favorite, that, prior to his appearance, upon opening the scene in which he first comes forward, the cheering was general throughout the house. When he made his appearance he was received with the warmest plaudits; hats and handkerchifs were waved in the pit, and the theatre rung with the welcome.

We have high satisfaction in saying that he returns with invigorated powers. The energy, the touches of nature and feeling—the sudden explosion of the passions as they rise—the just and strong marking which he gives to sentiments, that, from all other actors, passed without notice—the piercing language of his eye, and of all his animated features—are heightened and improved by the familiarity which he has acquired in the character, and the confidence in his own powers, which the suffrage of so many theatres have necessarily given him. The voice too is strengthened; we perceived none of that huskiness which, at his first outset, looked like the symptom of diseased lungs. On the contrary, he was strong, clear, and audible, except occasionally on the close of some few speeches, where, if every person had not been acquainted with the words, they would have been lost to the sense. Of this we are sure he must himself be aware, for though the tone might be in itself properly adapted to the sentiment, he ought to recollect that in a theatre so vast as Drury-lane, those nicer inflexions of the voice, which would harrow up the heart in a small house, are totally lost to a considerable part of the company. This is one of the misfortunes incident to this and to every immense theatre, and the actor must submit to sacrifice something on the side of modulation and pathos, to the necessity of making himself understood.

We must declare, however, that nothing within our recollection equals the felicity of his occasional touches of art. They are electrical, and they are as various as they are true: they spring from the soul, and they reach it. We recognize their justness by the impression which they make upon us; and even where the actor struggles against the deficiencies of organic power, to the drawl with which he sometimes dwells on a word, he gives an effect that compensates for the fault of utterance. His representations are all living pictures, and have this great property, that they illustrate the poet, and present the passion of the scene with such striking force as no reading of the play could communicate to the mind. In most cases we come from the theatre unsatisfied, because the representation has not realized the images which the mind had formed of Shakespeare's plays in the closet. We came from Kean's Richard with a feeling that we had no perfect idea of the consummate art, wickedness and treachery of the character, till we saw those properties developed by his magical address.

In this play, too, he is most powerfully seconded. Mr. Pope in King Henry was truly dignified and pathetic, Mrs. Glover

in the Queen, does not lie under the imputation of ever suffering herself to be unintelligible. It cannot be said of her as of Kean, that the fag end of any sentence is lost. But though we should commend a little more moderation in her fury, yet she is truly impressive. Miss Boyce, in Lady Anne, was extremely chaste and pathetic.

The scenery, too, is admirable, from its correctness and beauty. The street, in the second act, is a most faithful representation of some ancient remains in the city of Westminster, and does great credit to the artist, Mr. Capon, whose research in this branch of his profession is unrivalled. Several other of the scenes, both by him and Mr. Greenwood, are very fine specimens—and do honor to the state of the art at the day. The play thus brought out, will, no doubt, have as great a run as it had last season.

Mr. Kean has since performed Hamlet, Othello, and Iago, with his accustomed skill and universal approbation.

A comedy, called *Policy, or Thus runs the World away*, was performed, for the first time, on the 15th of October, and well received, though it does not boast of much novelty either in plot or character. The language, in general, is good, and some parts contain much point; but the great fault, if it be a fault, is, that the whole piece is too much thronged with sentiment; and we fear that it is not farcical enough, or sufficiently interspersed with pantomimical incidents for the present taste of the town. It is the production of Mr. H. Siddons, and has been since reduced to three acts, by which it is considerably improved.

At a late meeting of the share-holders in this theatre, Mr. Whitbread paid the highest compliments to Mr. Arnold on his admirable management; but it is possible for a person to be tolerably eloquent without convincing his auditory. We cannot but think that when Mr. W. indulged in this warm eulogium, some portion of it might have been transferred to the acting manager, Mr. Raymond, whose zeal and assiduity in the service of his employers, and the public, so well deserve it.

Our Readers will no doubt learn with regret, that, Mr. Banister has expressed his intention of retiring from theatrical pursuits at the close of the present season.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Sept. 12, Pizarro, Miller and his Men.
13, Lord of the Manor, Timour.
14, Midas, Child of Nature, Grand Alliance, Timour.
15, Hamlet, Timour.
16, Exile, *ibid.*
17, Henry IV. Aladdin.
19, Beggars' Opera, Miller and his Men, Mother Goose.
21, Love in a Village, Aladdin.
23, Artaxerxes, Bombastes Furioso, Miller and his Men.
26, Alexander the Great, Dr. Sangrado, Richard Cœur de Lion.
28, Woodman, Dr. Sangrado, Aladdin.
30, Artaxerxes, Dog of Montargis, *(first time)*.

Oct. 3, Pizarro, *ibid.*
5, Lord of the Manor, *ibid.*
6, Romeo and Juliet, *ibid.*
7, *Ibid*, *ibid.*
10, *Ibid*, *ibid.*
11, Love in a Village, *ibid.*
12, Cabinet, *ibid.*
13, Venice Preserved, *ibid.*
14, *Ibid*, *ibid.*
17, Romeo and Juliet, *ibid.*
18, Maid of the Mill, *ibid.*

On the 23d, Mr. Rovedino, jun. made his first appearance in Artaxerxes, but does not possess talents to effect any forcible impression on the public. Miss Stephens resumed her station with improved powers.

On the 30th of September was brought out, a new dramatic piece, entitled *The Forest of Bondy; or, The Dog of Montargis*. This is a melo-drama taken from the French, and the original was performed for many successive nights in one of the Parisian theatres. The construction of the piece is highly interesting. The well-known sagacity and affection of the dog are made the foundation of that interest—and the story is managed with singular skill. The introduction of a dumb youth, but who has the sense of hearing, and answers by gesticulation, has the most powerful effect. This youth is accused of the murder of Captain Aubrey, because the dog by the quickness of his scent discovered his master's pocket-book and purse in his pocket, but which Aubrey had given him when about to fight a duel, with instructions to carry it to his mother, and in this accusation the dumb-

shew, expression and acting of Miss Booth were as true to nature and affecting as any thing we ever witnessed, and her gesticulation was accompanied by a few notes of music very pathetic, composed by M. Bishop. Aubrey was murdered by his brother officer through envy, and the assassin was finally detected by the dog springing upon him as he passed near the spot, where the faithful creature hung over the grave of his master. This was afterwards corroborated by the bloody belt of the murderer, and his own confession. The whole is contrived with great stage effect, although the representation receives very little aid from the writing. It is more of a *ballet* than a drama, as it is addresed to the eye rather than the ear; but in representation it cannot fail to be highly popular. The dog, too, acts his part with great address. He barks at the nick of time. He rings at the door of the inn to alarm the house, and when the landlady opens the door, he seizes her lanthorn and runs away to conduct her to the spot where his master's body was buried. All this is a very beautiful trait of the character of this faithful animal, and from the many well authenticated anecdotes of the sense of his species is not improbable.

The house was uncommonly crowded, and the piece was received with universal applause. It was well acted. Miss Foote, in the character of Lucile, who is in love with Florio, the youth represented by Miss Booth, displayed the most captivating sweetness and sensibility. Mr. Farley in Lieutenant Macaire, the murderer, shewed also a strong delineation of the passions of envy and remorse. Mr. Liston was exceedingly comical in the character of a waiter, and Mrs. Davenport in the landlady of the inn, sustained the part with energy and effect. Indeed it derived every advantage from the correctness and spirit of the performance.

On the 6th of October, Miss O'Neill, from the Dublin stage, made her first appearance in this theatre in the character of Juliet; and we have the satisfaction to say that, since the retirement of Mrs. Siddons, no female tragedian has appeared on either stage, in any degree equal in merit to this beautiful candidate for public favor. Miss O'Neill is exquisitely formed, tall and graceful in her person, with that bewitching freshness, which youth and health only can bestow, and which is "when unadorned adorned the most." Simple and yet elegant in her deportment, she does every thing without the appearance of study, and yet no study could make features have the marking strength of those, with which Mrs. Siddons could penetrate the heart; but they have a softness, which her predecessor could never assume, and a loveliness, as well as expression, admirably adapted to rouse the sympathies of the soul in all the gentler emotions of love and pity. Her voice has great compass as well as power. In the few impassionate sentences which Juliet has to deliver—such as where Tybalt rises to her imagination "festering in his shroud," and again, where she shrieks and thinks she sees him "seeking out Romeo," the start of her passion, the pathos of her voice, the expression of her eye, were truly Siddonian, and reached the heart of every witness to the scene. In some instances, it may be said that she continued the dumb-shew of the feelings too long; as in her gesticulation after drinking the opiate. It certainly was long—but the exquisite charm of the portrait was such a feast for the eye, as to make the memory forgetful of the time. The great novelties in her performance of the character were all striking and felicitous. Her manner of coaxing the Nurse had fascinating *naivetè*. The shriek, too, on her conjuring up to her mind's eye the horrors of the vault, was faithful to nature. In short, this lady is unquestionably possessed of admirable talents, as well as of incomparable beauty. There is no such Juliet on the stage, and in all such characters as Desdemona, Portia, Cordelia, &c. &c. she must be eminently successful.

In the representation of this play she stands most conspicuous, from the very little comparative merit that is displayed in it. Mr. Jones's Mercutio is an admirable piece of acting; but he never comes, or appears on the scene with Juliet. We are sorry to be forced to withhold our praise from the Romeo; but with all his fine figure Mr. Conway is no actor.

The play was given out for repetition this evening amidst the loudest bursts of approbation.

On the 13th October Miss O'Neill appeared in the character of Belvidera, to a most brilliant and crowded audience. A representation more natural and impressive we never witnessed. Mrs. Siddons, in the most vigorous season of her

powers, never more deeply interested her audience; nor more successfully imitated and expressed all the varying passions of the soul. Her simple dress displayed her elegant person to great advantage, and every attitude and action served further to place it in the most attractive points of view. The movement of the arm, the polished and healthful color of which was not sicklied o'er by the pale cast of netting—the graceful turn of the neck—the appropriate gesture to each expression of the features, seemed all to be rather the effect of constitutional propriety of demeanour, than the result of theatrical study.

"————What she does
"Still betters what is done."

And thus the portraits that she exhibits to the eye are so exquisitely fascinating, that we are enraptured with her expression when silent;

"But when she speaks
We'd have her do it ever."

Her pronunciation is clear, intelligible and sweet, particularly the lower notes of her voice; and she speaks with a sense that satisfies the judgment, while the pathos, with which the affecting sentiments are delivered, agitate every bosom, and give reality to the fiction of the poet. We never witnessed, nor felt sympathy more universally aroused; and that even in passages which before have glided on without particular emotion. The truly feminine tenderness, with which she winds herself about the neck of Jaffier—with which she hangs pendant from his breast —the piercing glances of her eye—the melting tones of her voice give altogether an image of love, and tipify the influence of it upon the heart, that we never saw exceeded even by the touching accents of Mrs. Craufurd. It is in these moments of fervent passion that Miss O'Neill is most electrical.—No feelings can resist the agony with which her own are tortured.—The illusion is perfect; she is not an actress in this conflict of the soul —but becomes the very being she represents, and forces every spectator to participate in her suffering. This is the perfection of the histrionic art—and we call on every impartial person, who enjoyed this intellectual feast, to say if they ever had their sensibilities more exquisitely aroused, or their nerves more wrung, than in the scene where she bids Jaffier remember *twelve*—in that where she parts from him for the last time—or in her maddening extasy and dying posture. They were all in the most perfect truth of nature—and if in some of the passages she rose into what may be called impetuous rant, let it be recollected that the poet also has done so, and that she could not go off the stage with tameness where the text was in the highest degree inflated. Upon the whole, we must say that her Belvidera does more than answer the promise which her Juliet gave, and we congratulate the public on having acquired an actress, fit to replace the lamented Siddons.

Mr. Young's Pierre was nervous and impressive.

Books *recently published.*

New Mathematical Tables. By P. Barlow. 8vo. 18*s*.

Peck's Account of Bawtry. 4to. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.

Inquiry into the Methodist Societies. By a Member. 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Hort's Picture of Nature. 12mo. 5*s*.

Whitaker's Visitation Sermon. 4to. 2*s*.

Smith's Latin Grammar. 12mo. 2*s* 6*d*.

The complete Works of the late Rev. T. Robinson. 8 vols. 8vo. 4*l* 4*s*.

Essay on Immortality. 8vo. 9*s*.

Huntingford's Pindar. 8vo. 1*l*. 10*s*.

Shepherd's Paris in 1802 and 1814. 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Recluse of Norway. By Miss Porter. 4 vols. 12mo. 1*l*. 4*s*.

Head's Azora. 8vo. 10*s* 6*d*.

A Practical Treatise on finding the Latitude and Longitude at Sea, from the French of De Rossel. By T. Myers.

In the Press.

Letters from Italy By Mariana Starke.

The Lord of the Isles. A Poem. By Walter Scott, Esq.

Picturesque Views of Public Edifices in Paris.

The Theology and Mythology of the antient Pagans.

A Dictionary of Religious Opinions.

Letters from the Continent. By the Margravine of Anspach.

Literary Intelligence.

The Rev. F. A. Cox, of Hackney, is preparing for the press, a Life of Philip Melancthon, the intimate friend and distinguished coadjutor of Martin Luther.

New editions of the Spirit of Love, and the Spirit of Prayer, by the late Rev. Wm. Law, will appear early in next month.

CHRONICLE.

The King.—The following bulletin of the King's health was yesterday at St. James's Palace:—

"Windsor Castle, October 1.
"His Majesty continues tranquil, but his disorder is unabated." [*Signed as usual*]

Berne Sept. 22.—The Archduchess Maria Louisa arrived here yesterday The Princess of Wales arrived to-day.

They write from Zurich and Lucerne, that the troubles which have lately prevailed in the Canton of Tessin are at an end.

Lausanne Sept. 27.—Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales arrived here the day before yesterday, at five o'clock in the evening; she stopped at the Golden Lion Inn. The suite of this princess consisted of four magnificent carriages. Among the persons who accompanied her, were Lady Forbes; the Chevalier Gill, her chamberlain; and Captain Hesse.—This Princess set off at nine o'clock yesterday morning for Sechanon, near Geneva. They say she proposed to pass some time at Geneva, and to hire a country house.

Lausanne Sept. 30.—The Princess of Wales returned here yesterday evening from Geneva; she embarked this morning at Ouchy, with part of her suite, to visit Mellerie, and go thence to Vevey. Her Royal Highness will afterwards travel over the Simplon to Italy.

The Princess of Wales is stated in the French papers to have arrived at Paris incognito, but this is inconsistent with the previous accounts of her Royal Highness's journey.

The effects of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, at Connaught House, Connaught-place, were brought to the hammer on Wednesday the 12th inst.

The sale took place in the drawing room, which consists of two compartments, dividable by a sort of solid portcullis, but furnished *en suite*. The windows at each end were hung with handsome scarlet broad cloth, French rod window curtains, bordered and ornamented with black, and trimmed with Parisian fringe. Over the chimney-pieces there were two brilliant Gothic chimney glasses, in the front of which were rich candalbrass, superbly gilt, on marble pedestals.—The remaining part of the furniture consisted of Grecian couches, Ottoman seats, with cushions and morine covers, ornamented black, to correspond with the window curtains; splendid pier glasses, Japan sofa tables, pier marble tables, vases, plaister figures, &c—The walls were hung with beautiful paintings from the pencil of ancient and modern artists. These will not be sold till the spring.

The household furniture sold at moderate prices.

The sale of the lease of the mansion excited considerable attention. The auctioneer himself commenced the bidding at fifteen thousand guineas, below which sum he declared he would not take an offer; and there being no person present disposed to soar above this bidding, the lot was passed over.

The house lately occupied by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, on Blackheath, is now undergoing a thorough repair, for the reception of the Princess Sophia of Gloucester.

Hamburg, Sept. 26.—Yesterday we had the pleasure to see his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrive here. He was received by the inhabitants of Hamburg with the enthusiasm, which animates them towards the Royal Family of Great Britain. Syndic Von Lienen was appointed by our senate to congratulate him on his arrival in our city. In the suite of his Royal Highness are his excellency the High Chamberlain, Count Schivecheldt, his Excellency Lieutenant-General Von der Deeken, Lieutenant Colonel Reynett, Von Bischoffshausen, Major Linsengen, Captain Davis, his Highness's Aid-de-Camp, Captain Von Prok.

Oct. 1.—We hear that the Princess Charlotte of Wales is to remain at Weymouth six weeks longer, and that Mr. Keate has lately proceeded to that place, for the purpose of being in constant attendance on her Royal Highness.

The Princess Sophia is so much recovered from her long and afflicting illness, as to be able to ride on horse-back, lately, for the first time since her Royal Highness has been in a state of convalescence. A carriage, however, followed her Royal Highness, in case of her being fatigued or a fall of weather coming on.

We understand that the Princess Dowager of Salm is to come over to England, that the marriage with the Duke of Cumberland may be solemnized here. And it is possible that applications may be made to parliament,

for the purpose of increasing the establishment of his Royal Highness on the joyful occasion.

The Duke of Wellington lately gave a splendid entertainment to the French Marshals at Paris.

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *October* 5, thirteen pence farthing —*October* 12, the same — *October* 19, thirteen pence, *October* 26, thirteen pence farthing.

Since our last, intelligence of great importance has reached this country from America. General Ross, having landed with an army, suddenly attacked and took Washington, the seat of government. He immediately destroyed all the public buildings (of which a full account is given in our present Number) and retreated without molestation after his dashing enterprize. It is ascertained that immediately prior to the unexpected arrival of our troops, the navy-yard was in most complete order, and filled with all kinds of naval stores; the store-houses were well built, and intended to have been fire-proof. Their erection, with that of the yard, had cost the American government not less than one million sterling. There were immense quantities of all sorts of timber, oak plank, masts, &c. &c. Of live oak and cedar, there was sufficient to build six sail of men of war; and in one single warehouse sheet copper of different thicknesses, which was rolled in England, and had been purchased by the American government previous to the present war for full 300,000l. Of canvas there was a stock sufficient to supply at least a seven years' war: hemp and cordage were also in great abundance, as were pitch, tar, oils, paints, and all other requisites for finishing ships. Close at hand was the only cannon foundery in the United States, with great numbers of cannon, anchors, &c. ready made. The general, from whose inspection and report these particulars were minutely ascertained, is a professional judge of the value of this arsenal and its contents, the loss of which to the American government he estimates altogether at three millions sterling.

We lament to add that the gallant Hibernian, General Ross, who conducted this enterprize, was soon afterwards killed in an unsuccessful attack on Baltimore. He was the son of the late Mrs. Ross, of the Circus, Bath, and nephew of the late Lord Charlemont. This brave officer's name first became distinguished on the Plains of Maida; since which period, wreaths of laurel have entwined his brows in all the great battles on the Peninsula, and in the South of France.

General Sherbrook has also been successful at Penobscot, where the forts were taken possession of with very little loss on our part, and the Adams frigate, of 26 guns, which had run up the river, and landed her guns and mounted them on shore for her protection, was destroyed by the enemy, to prevent the vessel from falling into our hands. To counterbalance these successes, we are sorry to add that the Americans have prevailed against the forces, under General Sir George Prevost in the north, and that they have defeated the British squadron, after a severe engagement on Lake Champlain.

Dreadful Accident.—On the 17th inst. in the evening an immense vat in the brewery of Messrs. Henry Meux and Co. burst with great impetuosity through the brewhouse. So great was the force of the explosion, that the bricks of the brewhouse were thrown over the tops of the houses of Russell-street, into that street.—The backs of a number of houses were driven in, the cellars filled, and the servants compelled to seek their safety on the tops of drawers, tables, &c. The height of the vat was 22 feet; it was filled within four inches of the top, and then contained 3555 barrels of entire, being beer that was 10 months brewed. The four inches that were empty of the vat would hold between 30 and 40 barrels more. The hoop which burst was about seven hundred weight, which was the least weight of any of 22 hoops on the vat, and there were also seven large hoops, each of which weighed near a ton. When the vat burst the force and pressure was so great that it stove several hogsheads of porter, and also knocked the cock out of nearly as large a vat that was in the cellar or regions below. This vat contained 2400 barrels, all of which but about 800 barrels also ran about. They lost in all between 8 and 9000 barrels.

The fluid, in its course, swept every thing before it. Two houses in New-street, adjoining the brewhouse, were totally demolished. The inhabitants, who were of the poorer class, were all at home. In one of them they were *waking* a child, that died on Sunday morning.

In the first floor, of the same house,

a mother and daughter were at tea—the mother was killed on the spot. The daughter was swept away by the current through a partition, and dashed to pieces. The back parts of the houses of Mr. Goodwin, poulterer, of Mr. Hawse, Tavistock Arms, and several others in Great Russell-street, were entirely destroyed.

The scite of the place is low and flat, and there being no declivity to carry off the fluid, in its fall it spread and sunk into the neighbouring cellars, all of which are inhabited. The bursting of the brewhouse walls, and the fall of heavy timber, that had been carried up by the explosion, materially contributed to aggravate the mischief, by forcing the roofs and walls of the adjoining houses. Eight persons lost their lives, and several others are dreadfully bruised.

St. Petersburgh, Sept. 8.—It is now said that the departure of the Emperor to the Congress will not take place on the 13th inst. but a week later. The Emperor has addressed the following proclamation to the armies, dated 18th August 1814:

"Soldiers! A year ago, on this day in the fields of Culm, where your breasts stopped the impetuous attempts of the enemy to penetrate into Bohemia, I put up solemn thanksgivings to the Almighty for his infinite goodness to us. Your constant companions, courage, valour, patience and love of the faith, and your country, crowned you afterwards with new laurels—opened the gates of Paris, gave us peace, and afforded soldiers the sweet pleasures of returning crowned with glory to their country. It is grateful for your services and your labours—in its name I thank you, and in its name I congratulate you on your return to your country. Your heroic deeds have always been objects of attention.

"His Majesty then adds, that to afford to all officers, subalterns, soldiers, maimed in the last glorious war, both those who have already retired, and those who shall still retire, on account of their wounds, and have no more than the usual pensions, a more speedy way of applying to his Majesty, he has appointed a special committee to examine their petitions, and lay them before him without delay.

On Friday the 23d ult. a murder of a most barbarous nature was perpetrated at Broadwood Kelly, in Devonshire, by one Alexander Bealy, on Elizabeth Martin, whose head he completely severed from her body with a common hook. A coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of wilful murder, and Bealy was committed to the county jail.

There is a story in the Irish papers of a mermaid being taken alive. The description of the animal proves to be a hoax.

Mr. Sadler has accepted a pressing invitation from the principal inhabitants of Exeter, and is now on his way with his magnificent balloon to that city.

An extraordinary instance of maternal attachment in a hound, belonging to Mr. Karswell, of Penripple, in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, has lately occurred. Several puppies, which she had given birth to, were ordered to be destroyed in a pond. The person, however, employed, ineffectually performed his task with respect to one, which the mother, after he had retired, rescued in a half drowned state from the water, and conveyed to an adjoining marsh, where she temporarily deposited it in some bulrushes, until, by fetching straw and other soft articles, she had formed a proper bed, and continued to nurse it, for nearly five weeks, at every opportunity. Even her natural fondness for hunting gave way to parental affection, and she frequently left the pack, when engaged in the ardour of pursuit, to the the surprise of her owner, who at length, by watching her motions, discovered the interesting secret. The surviving puppy has been permitted to live, and received the appropriate name of Moses.

Mr. Kean was lately announced to perform twice at the Cheltenham theatre—Shylock at twelve o'clock in the day, and Hamlet in the evening.

On the night between the 4th and 5th of September, there was a dreadful hurricane at Ancona; all the vessels in the port were destroyed, and the adjacent country sustained considerable damage; 40 dead bodies were found in the port, exclusive of those which were thrown upon the coast.

Vienna, Sept. 20.—Jerome Bonaparte has taken a fine house at Trieste, for 18 months, and paid 3000 florins beforehand for three months.

The number of negroes employed as slaves in the British West India Colonies is stated at 750,000, about one half of whom are in Jamaica alone.

The King of France has sat several times to Turnerelli, since his visit to Paris, for his bust.

A chandelier of exquisite beauty and workmanship, going to the Emperor of

Hayti, may be seen for a few days at Collins's glass warehouse, Temple Bar."

Vienna, Sep. 30. — Within these few days there have arrived no less than 15,000 strangers in this city: several streets are converted into markets.

We have intelligence from Tuscany to the 25th ult. At that time couriers were frequently passing from the Isle of Elba to Vienna, who were the bearers, as it was alleged, of dispatches from Bonaparte to that Court, in which he demanded the comfort of the society of his wife, and the superintendance of the education of his son.

Paris, Oct. 11.—The Duchess of Wellington arrived yesterday evening at Paris.

Rome, Sep. 28. — Last Saturday the Count St. Leu (Louis Bonaparte) reached this capital. He dismounted at the palace of his brother the Prince of Canino (Lucien). Monday evening he was presented by his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, to his Holiness, by whom he was graciously received.

All the effects of Lucien Bonaparte, now Prince of Canino, are advertised for sale at his late seat, Thorngrove, in the vicinity of Worcester. They comprise the furniture of fifty apartments.

Palermo.—The King and the Hereditary Prince seem to resist all endeavours to make them renounce the throne of Naples. They would judge it to be an infringement on the rights of the House of Bourbon, if they renounced their legal claims.

Some details are given respecting Bonaparte at Elba. Amongst other things, it is said he has established a conscription for the repair of the roads, not much to the satisfaction of the inhabitants, and that he distributes crosses, ornamented in a style complimentary to the Bourbons.

The French Minister at War has notified to the officers on half-pay, that they are not at liberty to marry without obtaining the permission prescribed by Bonaparte's decree of the 16th June, 1808, and complying with the regulations observed since that period. In order to obtain the consent of Government, certificates must be sent of the state and fortune of the families of those whom the officers may wish to marry.

A gentleman, lately returned from Paris, who witnessed the first meeting of Marshal Soult and the Duke of Wellington, represents that the Marshal, on being informed his noble antagonist was present in the room, discovered an inclination to retire, but was prevailed upon to be introduced to the Duke. The first impressions of the interview appeared somewhat repulsive on both sides, but terminated in a walking conference arm in arm.

From the French frontiers we hear that the spirit of discontent which has prevailed in the French army, is by no means appeased. A vast number of soldiers, accustomed to the licence of war, cannot accommodate themselves to a state of peace. It is remarked, however, with pleasure, that the most violent of the officers are placed upon half-pay or are pensioned, and the most mutinous of the soldiers chosen for the service of the colonies.

It is thought very probable that there is a party in France disposed to go to war to recover the left bank of the Rhine; but the French Monarch is too just and too moderate not to disappoint such criminal projects.

The Hottentot Venus is quite the rage at Paris. No less than six dramatic sketches, in which a character of her is introduced, are now representing at different theatres in that capital.

A whimsical mistake occurs in *The Gazette de France*, which, in announcing the arrival of the Attorney-General at Calais, calls him *General* Garrow, in the service of his Britannic Majesty.

The oldest Jesuit in the world is at present living at Perugia, in the States of the Church. This is Father Albert de Montauro. He is 126 years of age, and took the vows of his Order on the 2d February, 1724.

In the statistical work of Dr. Colquhoun, the conquests made by Great Britain since 1792, are estimated at £106,000,000, whereof £87,000,000, are restored by the treaty of Paris.

Since the commencement of the war, there have been taken ships and other floating property, worth £50,000,000 or £60,000,000 more.

The peace, it is calculated, will throw out of employment 25,000 naval and military officers, 2000 government clerks, and 280,000 non-commissioned officers and privates.

The same author computes the population of the British Empire, after being reduced 1,500,000 by cessions, at 59,655,000 souls. The Company's possessions in the East Indies he reckons at 40,058,000: of whom 25,000, or the one sixteenth hundredth part are Britons.

The monument, now intended to be erected to the memory of Lord Nelson, in Norfolk, (which was deferred during the war), is to form a magnificent sea mark on some part of the dangerous coast belonging to his native country.

It is said Amsterdam is now so far removed from its former opulence, that a private carriage is scarcely to be met with amongst all its inhabitants.

The Birmingham Musical Festival produced £7049. 2*s*. a larger sum than was ever collected on any similar occasion.

The late Musical Meeting at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was attended with the greatest success, the Infirmary having received between four and five hundred pounds.

The Emperor of Russia, with a munificence consistent with his exalted character, has sent by the hands of his Excellency Count Lieven, a benefaction of one thousand pounds to the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress, of the plan of which his Imperial Majesty expressed his warm approbation, during his late visit to this country.

The foundation stone of a pillar, in commemoration of the peace, has been laid on the summit of a hill called Stoodley Pike, in the parish of Halifax, Yorkshire.—There were nearly 10,000 persons present on the occasion.

In consequence of an inquiry, instituted with the sanction of government, it has been ascertained, that the number of persons in the metropolis, who subsist by begging, amounts to about 6000 adults, and 9288 children. The gross amount of the sums, extorted annually from the public, by their importunities, is, at the very lowest calculation, estimated at 97,126*l*. 10*s*.

Saturday, the 1st inst. a fine horse, the property of Mr. J. Budd, of Medsted, near Arlesford, was killed by lightning, during the heavy storm. The lightning struck the animal between the ears, and at the same time split a stile near it.

Births.

Countess Cowper, of a still-born child.
The lady of Thomas Harrison, Esq. F. R. S. of a son.
Mrs. Wheatley, Brook Cottage, Berks, of twins.
Lady Bridges, of a daughter.
Mrs. Clarke, Burton Crescent, of a son.
Mrs. Cary, Hampstead, of a daughter.
Mrs. Richardson, Berwick, of a daughter.
Mrs. Fleming, Bath, of a daughter.
Mrs Creed, Hans Place, of a son.
Mrs. Birch, Battle, of a daughter.

Married.

Dr. Prout to Miss Adam, of Edinburgh.
Mr. Paterson to Miss Swaine.
Mr. Needham to Miss Goodbehere.
Mr. Harrison to Miss Littlewood.
C. Spurrier, Esq. to Miss Garland.
J. Dickson, Esq. to Miss Bagge.
Mr. Fyffe to Miss Perram.
D. Cronin, Esq. to Miss Coltsman.
F. Redford, Esq. to Miss Curtis, of Camberwell.
Mr. Webb to Miss Quare.
M. Gutteres, Esq. to Miss Lousada.
Capt. Watson, R. N. to Miss Harrison.
F. Hemmings, Esq. to Miss Druce.
Mr. T. Farley to Miss Lydia Nix.
Mr. Hodgetts to Miss Rankin.
Mr. Johnston to Miss M'Andrew.
F. S. Billings, Esq, to Miss Witherdew.
Rev. G Robson, to Miss Conant, daughter of Sir N.
T. T. Drake, Esq. M. P. to Miss Annesley.
Mr. Graham to Miss Salt.

Died.

Mrs. Agnew, widow of General Agnew.
Rev. Thomas Charles.
Mrs. E. Millikin.
Mrs. Campbell, of Barcaldine House, Argyleshire.
Mrs. Hawes, widow of Dr. Hawes.
Rev. B. Pitts.
Mrs. Bedford, of Bedford Row.
R. Bailey, Esq. Newberry, Berks.
Sarah, Countess of Denbigh.
R. Hewitt, Esq.
Denham Barons, Esq.
J. H. Houston, Esq.
Dr. Reeve, of Norwich.
Mrs. Snell, of Edmonton.
The celebrated German Dramatist Iffland.
Mr. F. Kemble, of Watling-street.
Mrs. Burchell, of Portland Place.
Sir John Scott, Bart. of Ancrum.
Capt. T. Brown, of Islington.
L. Foreman, Esq. of Harley-street.
The lady of Sir T. Gooch, Bart.
Mrs. Harwood, of Stock, Essex.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Riverston.
Mrs. Beazley, of Whitehall.
J. Hartman, Esq. of St. Croix.
H. Mello, Esq. of Highbury Place.
Mrs. Watson, of Queen Square.
Mr. Pratt, the Author.